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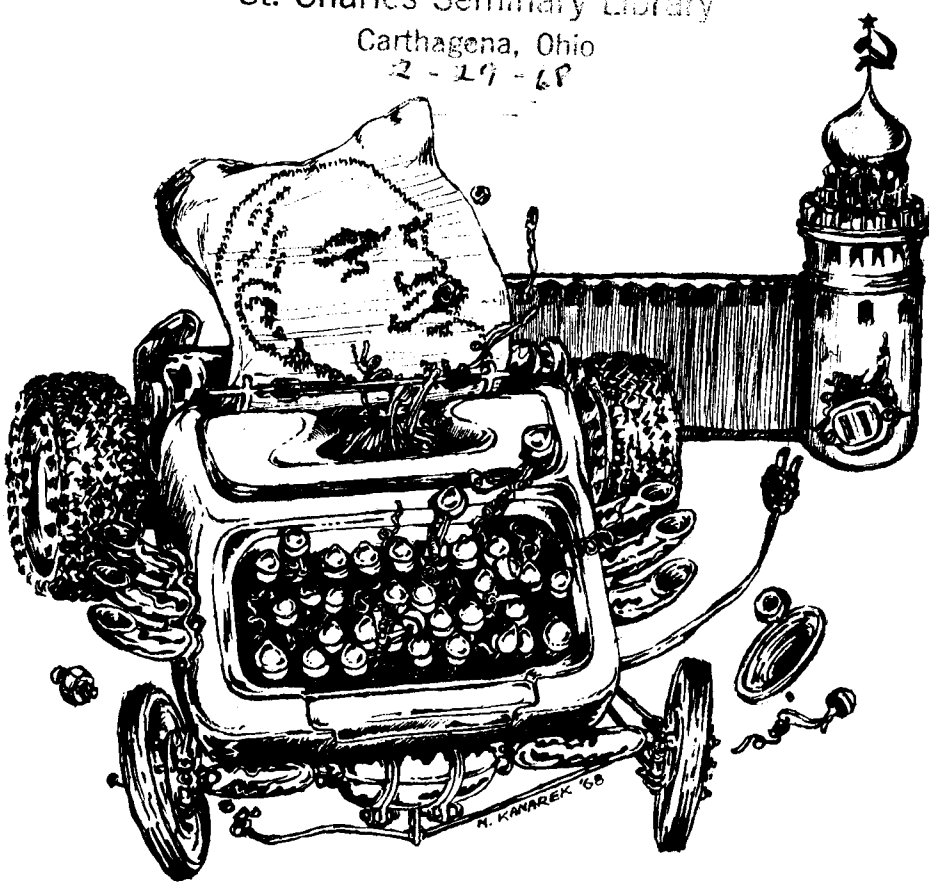

THE MOSCOW TRIALS

James Critchlow

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PAUL JACOBS *on an Israeli diplomat's visit to Watts* • ***STEVEN V. ROBERTS*** *on New York's garbage mess* • ***JOHN QUIRK*** *on the ADA's travail*

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NEWS AND VIEWS

If tenaciousness were the determinant, Arthur J. Kraus would have seen his case settled years ago. But it isn't, so his case drags on, approaching now the point when the end stands to be determined by the principal's longevity rather than the justice of a fair hearing. It would be a pity if the case concluded thus.

Arthur J. Kraus, as people with long memories may recall, was a professor of social philosophy at City College of New York, and was dismissed from his post back in 1933 after organizing a public demonstration and then undertaking a hunger strike to protest the rise of totalitarianism in Europe and the isolationist policy of the United States.

There was discussion in the press and on radio at the time about Dr. Kraus and his witness, but sympathy was measured. Dr. Kraus, as Alan Brien wrote last June in the *Spectator*, had "the noble misfortune to be one of the first of the premature anti-Fascists." CCNY fired him, with dispatch, as "a man of mentally unsound make-up."

The firing took place 35 long years ago. But the public has never been allowed to forget Arthur J. Kraus entirely; Kraus wouldn't let it. He has dedicated every waking moment in a crusade for vindication and has enlisted among his supporters a Who's Who of international champions of justice (Lord Chorley, Bertrand Russell, Giorgio La Pira, etc.). In fact, the signatures of 48 university heads, 12 Nobel prize winners, 13 high churchmen and a late queen (Elizabeth of Belgium) are presently on a petition to President Johnson to intercede in behalf of Dr. Kraus.

Dr. Kraus is hopeful for his petition, though Lord knows why he should be; the petition seems headed along the same fruitless path as past petitions, including those directed to ex-colleagues in the American Association of University Professors. Kraus filed his petition to the President with the American Embassy in London in 1966; the embassy forwarded it to the State Department; the State Department, in turn, returned it to Kraus without comment. That was a year ago, Kraus then traveled to Washington and deposited the petition with the security police at the White House for the President's attention. What has happened to the petition since is anyone's guess. One thing seems certain: only a strong public sentiment will rescue it from oblivion. At the moment, Dr. Kraus is attempting to marshal that sentiment.

Neither petition nor petitioners, incidentally, argue directly the facts of the 1933 charges against Dr. Kraus. All anyone asks, including Dr. Kraus, is that his case receive the fair and open hearing it was never accorded—and which a fact-finding committee as late as 1949 said the case still deserved. The President seems to be the last hope.

Of course all the President could inject into the case is the weight of his office, but this would be more than sufficient to bring about a formal re-opening of the case. Apart from the case's real merits, it seems the least kindness that could be extended a man of 71 for the hardships, penury and humiliations dealt him.

"No one owes me a livelihood," Dr. Kraus said during a recent visit to *Commonweal*, "but the nation as such owes me some answers." On that there is no argument.

•

A Catholic bookseller in Pittsburgh was unable recently to fill the request of a Presbyterian pastor for various titles by Grou, Fénèlon, Ignatius of Loyola and Teresa of Avila. His regular customers, Catholics mostly, ceased asking for them over the last five years. He did, however, manage to dig up a battered copy of the Tenebrae service for an Episcopalian priest—but couldn't sell it. The copy was in English; the priest wanted the Latin.

•

Perhaps the most shocking of all the terrible incidents connected with the Viet Cong offensive in South Vietnam was the summary street execution of a suspected Viet Cong officer by General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, chief of South Vietnam's police force.

And a predictable follow-up to the graphic recording of that murder by AP photographer Eddie Adams and NBC cameraman Vo Suu is the attempt in some quarters to rehabilitate General Loan by exposing a gentle side of the man to all who might, with better reason than ever, regard him as a callous brute.

Hence, propaganda such as the CBS-TV report of Feb. 12 projecting General Loan, not as executioner, nor, according to earlier image, as tyrant, but rather as folksy firefighter (lending a hand to Saigon firemen), as genial comrade (enjoying a cigarette with American troops and smiling into a CBS lens), and as man much admired (clasping the hand of a congratulating GI).

Nothing of this has been persuading. The Adams and Vo Suu cameras provided the true picture.

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Saviors To Be Saved From Department, Vietnam Theater:

"Bentre, Feb. 7 (AP)—'It became necessary to destroy the town to save it,' a United States major said today.

"He was talking about the decision by allied commanders to bomb and shell the town regardless of civilian casualties, to rout the Viet Cong."

That from the New York *Times*.

And for blissful delusion, how about the headline in the Jan. 19 *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*: "U.S.-South Vietnam Teamwork Curbs/Viet Cong Terrorism in the Saigon Area"!

•

NC News Service, official agency of the U.S. bishops, declined to pick up *Commonweal's* Feb. 23 interview with Monica Baldwin, in which she said it was a mistake for her to have left the convent. RNS, news agency of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, processed an eight-paragraph story on her second thoughts.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

More on Laicization

Collegeville, Minn.

To the Editors: Sometimes even in these days it is a pleasure to be a canonist, e.g., when one is asked to help a brother priest. There are other occasions also, but I chose to mention this one after reading Peter Declan's "Trial by Laicization" (Dec. 8). The author states that "The answer to the first question, as presented here, has been checked from many bits of information supplied by a wide variety of American, European and South American priests and carefully checked for accuracy." My own experience is admittedly limited, consisting of a rather lengthy discussion (in English) with two officials of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (they were both very understanding and helpful), discussion with other experienced canonists, and the preparation of a number of petitions for priests from various parts of the country. My experience is quite different from that presented by Peter Declan. I do not contend that the present procedure is ideal, nor do I agree that it is as damnable as the author of "Trial by Laicization" contends on the basis of information he gathered. I do not wish to question his honesty, but I do question some of the information he obtained, and I question also the objectivity of his presentation. On the basis of the information presented, one would have to agree with his conclusion, but my experience does not permit me to accept that information or the conclusion. Lest someone think that I am like the Monsignor from Mexico (mentioned in the article on page 329) who had phenomenal success "simply because he had a direct channel to the right person," let me state at the outset that I did not get to know the names of the two officials with whom I spoke and that the petitions which I helped prepare were not sent to a particular individual in Rome but addressed only to the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith.

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NEW WEAPONRY, TWO FRONTS

The transformation of the Vietnam war from one which had as its goal a negotiated political solution to one where only a military victory will suffice was illustrated only too poignantly by persistent rumors about the pending use of "tactical" nuclear weapons. While the usual denials were forthcoming, both General Wheeler and Secretary Rusk managed to leave the question hanging, doubtless to keep our threat credible to the Hanoi government. Avoiding the categorical denial, General Wheeler referred only to the present battle around Khesanh. Secretary Rusk, still refusing to appear before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, chose to impugn the motives of those like Senator Fulbright, when, concerning the talk of A-bombs, he wrote that "such speculation (is) a disservice to the country." But as Prime Minister Wilson indicated when he threatened withdrawal of British support if such weapons were used, such speculation is all too close to the mark.

But whether such weapons are used or not in Vietnam—and they were openly discussed in the recent Korea episode—the question is still part of the larger problem of the brutally intensifying use of force that the last few weeks have witnessed, both in Vietnam and in the United States, where the army is assiduously gearing for the anticipated guerrilla uprisings in our ghettos. In Vietnam the new N.L.F. and North Vietnamese offensives in the cities brought reprisals which flattened major portions of almost every city in South Vietnam, nearly all of Hue's old city, most of the Chinese quarter of Saigon and many towns completely. From official estimates it appears that nearly a half million *new* refugees emerged from the rubble of homes in which were buried untold additional numbers of civilians, mangled in order to save them from the Communists. American thinking in the matter was perhaps best summarized by the U.S. pacification chief in Vietnam, Romert Komer, who, after the bombing of Vinh Long which left

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14,000 homeless and 2,000 dead and wounded, said, "it could have been a lot worse." But while body counts were totaled to bolster official claims of victory, both the director of the CIA and the Senate Majority Leader were proclaiming the durability of an enemy who seemed more determined than ever to resist the American military leviathan. Mr. Helms declared his belief that the war could go on another century at present levels—an announcement which did not help dispel the rumors of the use of "new weaponry"—and Senator Mansfield took a look and concluded that the Vietcong seemed to be stronger than ever. Perhaps this view found an echo in the U.S. military activity of the same week. The use of American planes to bomb South Vietnamese cities suggests that we have prepared ourselves for the destruction of that country, and will carry it out before we concede to the N.L.F. a place in South Vietnamese society.

Meanwhile the germ of the same idea took root with respect to the prospect of a guerrilla war in American cities. In *Army Magazine* Col. Robert Rigg predicted its outbreak and suggested that "from a military standpoint, successful warfare against urban-based guerrillas in American cities could be as difficult and prolonged as the fighting in Vietnam if the insurrection is well organized." In Orangeburg, S.C., the authorities demonstrated their willingness to deal with the insurrection before it even started by shooting into a demonstration of Negro students, killing three and wounding over 50 others. Far from engaging in rebellion, these students had been protesting against segregation in a local bowling alley; the police admitted that all the victims were unarmed. Elsewhere in the country—including Congress, where reporters discovered minimal interest in any civil rights legislation—police and other groups (not excepting white housewives) were arming against the Negroes. In Los Angeles, Police Inspector Merton Howe unveiled his new "SWAT" force of peripatetic gunslingers who will be equipped to kill Negro troublemakers like flies; an AP dispatch revealed an Army program to stockpile anti-riot equipment around the country "in strategic places," available instantly upon request. The current issue of *Esquire* reports on "the second civil war." The article deals with everything from Mace to counter-sniper teams, stopping at weapons and techniques that outshine even cluster bombs.

In his admirable book, *Rebellion in Newark,* Tom Hayden underlines the old dictum that political bankruptcy leads directly to the use of military force, a point recently clarified by the report of New Jersey's Commission on Civil Disorder. The report documented the obvious: extensive corruption in the Addonizio administration and "excessive and unjustified use of force" against the Negroes of Newark. "The commission said it had found no evidence that any of the grievances that lacerated the Negro community had been removed," Homer Bigart wrote in the New York *Times.*

AN END TO DEFERMENTS

President Johnson's decision to end most graduate student draft deferments was no doubt difficult to make. He was under considerable pressure from the academic community to come up with a deferment policy which would do as little damage as possible to the graduate schools. He was also under pressure from the civil rights community to end the racial inequity of the present system. Each side, in this instance, has good arguments; it is painful to have to choose between them. But choose he did, and the graduate schools (not to mention the students) are the losers. Were it not for the fact that the whole context of the choice—the wasteful, destructive war, with its need for a continual supply of fresh bodies —is very much the President's own fault, his decision could be welcomed. But no man deserves much praise for making wise tactical moves in the setting of a fundamentally unwise strategic choice which he himself made.

The impact of the new deferment policy is bound to do the graduate schools considerable harm. The university presidents and administrators are screaming, and not without reason: they stand to lose an estimated 100-150,000 present or expected graduate students in the fiscal year beginning July 1; another 75,000 may be lost through voluntary enlistments induced by the prospect of the draft. Since it will not be certain exactly which graduate students will actually be drafted, university budgets and planning are likely to be thrown into chaos. The impact on the weaker graduate schools, many of them working hard to improve their standards, is likely to be especially severe. Though it is a bit self-serving, the administrators' additional contention that the nation's output of highly trained people will be severely harmed makes sense also.

All of these considerations would normally be over-

NEXT WEEK

JOHN GALLOWAY focuses on the Tonkin Gulf incidents and the subsequent Congressional resolution:

"Hanoi had reason to be edgy (in Summer, 1964). The Republican Presidential nominee, Barry Goldwater, was suggesting that the war be carried to North Vietnam 'if necessary,' and South Vietnam's Premier General Nguyen Khanh had recently called for 'a march to the North.' Moreover, there had been an increase in commando raids against the North."

EMERIC A. LAWRENCE, O.S.B., recalls Father H. A. Reinhold:

"I cannot say that Father Reinhold was not hurt by the reputation his attitudes gained for him in certain areas of the clergy. He was an extremely sensitive man . . . but again, not at the price of what was true and right."

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whelming. The last thing the country needs at the moment is a weakened educational system. But times are not normal. The de facto racial injustice of the present draft system, which allows well-to-do middle-class whites a means of legitimately dodging the draft, has to go. Unlimited graduate student deferments are, in effect, just one more of the many ways in which the rich are allowed to get richer, and the poor poorer. Even with the drafting of college graduates and graduate students, of course, the Negro will still get the worst of it, even if there is a numerical equity. For one of the advantages of a college education in the service is that the likelihood of spending one's time as a typist or in some administrative capacity is greatly enhanced; it is the less blessed poor Negro who is likely to be out in the front lines. Not much will probably be done about that, but at least some of the formal injustice of the present situation will be rectified.

Paul Goodman, among others, has suggested that it would be a good idea if students could at some point in their academic career step off the non-stop educational conveyor belt for a year or two. He is now likely to get his wish, but in a way he could hardly find desirable. A stint in the service is probably a very poor way to take an academic break; nonetheless, it may be the standard way for some years to come. If there is a joke on anyone here, it is probably on those students who support the war but up to now haven't minded taking advantage of all the deferments they could get. Their prospects for patriotic service are now almost unlimited.

A SMALL SCHISM

The New York Athletic Club, one of the most prestigious subsidizers of amateur athletics in the United States, is currently trying to celebrate its hundredth anniversary while ducking charges of racial discrimination in its membership policies. The NYAC has few Jewish and no known Negro members, either regular or athletic (those who make up the Club's teams). On the other hand, there are a great many Catholics in the NYAC (the irreverent call it "the Irish Catholic Boys Club"), including a goodly number of priests. The Club has been accused of bias many times in the past but it has always weathered the ensuing controversies by ignoring them. Club directors consistently refuse to comment on its admission policies.

This year, along with a largely successful Negro boycott of its mid-February track and field meet at the new Madison Square Garden, the NYAC has had to contend with a challenge which, if sustained, may not so easily be shrugged off. It was mounted by a group of Notre Dame alumni, led by Kenneth L. Woodward, class of 1957 and now religion editor of *Newsweek,* first to support the black boycott but also to muster alumni support to pressure NYAC directors "to explain in detail their membership policies and practices with respect to non-whites and non-Christians." If the Club refuses to comment or if it acknowledges discrimination, the Notre Dame committee will urge alumni members of NYAC to resign and all others to boycott all NYAC functions until the Club changes its practices.

The Notre Dame committee is contacting the New York area alumni associations of eight other Catholic colleges and universities asking for their support, and it has written to the Administrator and Bishops of New York, Brooklyn and Rockville Centre dioceses, urging the clergy, especially NYAC members, to endorse the committee's stand. Because of the NYAC's reputation as a "Catholic club," Woodward says, "the directors of the NYAC will get the message if enough Catholics join our concern." Thus, this campaign could achieve what complaints by Jewish and Negro groups have been unable to accomplish in the past. (It might also encourage alumni associations to use their energies for more than fund raising or waxing nostalgic and getting drunk at college reunions.)

Many NYAC members are hurt and confused by the attacks on their Club, protesting that it has underwritten "healthy athletics" for a hundred years and that it has consistently supported integrated competitions. And, indeed, the NYAC has been a pillar of what Woodward calls "the largest organized religion in America," the Church of Sports. But now the Notre Dame group and its allies are posing a hard question to Catholic members of the Club: Which religion is more important to you, Christianity or Sports? The answer will separate the men from the boys, Irish Catholic and otherwise.

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The POAU That Was: A Mixed Picture

Americans United for Separation of Church and State came to Cincinnati Feb. 6 and 7 to celebrate their 20th anniversary and conduct their 20th annual conference on church and state. Known until recently as Protestants and Other Americans United for Church and State, their familiar initials, POAU, still appear on much of their published material. And the image of POAU reminds one of a militant, aggressive organization whose major foe is considered to be the American Catholic hierarchy.

However, POAU has achieved a certain respectability and at the same time got rid of some of its stridency. Its emphasis on getting church property onto the tax rolls and keeping tax benefits from parochial schools seemed somewhat less abrasive in Cincinnati than the old POAU cries alerting the nation to the danger of establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican, or of electing a Roman Catholic to the White House. Cincinnati's dailies,

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which tried to avoid covering most POAU meetings in the 50's and early 60's, treated the national meeting respectfully and gave generous reports of the proceedings. Also on hand to cover the meeting were reporters of the New York *Times,* the *Christian Science Monitor,* and the Catholic *Telegraph*—local diocesan newspaper.

Another mark of POAU's turn toward mellowness, it seemed, was its invitation to a Cincinnati Catholic layman to take part in the discussion at the opening general session on the subject, "Should Churches Pay Taxes?" William R. Schumacher, a lawyer who is active in the local Better Housing League and the Catholic Commission on Human Relations, didn't argue against taxing church property when he discovered that a rabbi and two Protestant clergymen speaking before him were opposed to such a tax. Instead he made some critical comments about those who approach difficult problems with a "legalistic" mentality and who seem to have a "vested interest in strife." He also suggested that POAU might find it profitable to include in its conference programs "more dialogue with those you disagree with." Although the audience received his remarks graciously, Schumacher was denounced the next day, in his absence, by Dr. G. Weir Hartman, president of the Columbus (Ohio) chapter of POAU. Dr. Hartman won a burst of applause with his rhetorical question, "Did he (Schumacher) ask us in for dialogue when CEF (Citizens for Educational Freedom) was planning its national strategy?" (Schumacher is not a member of CEF.)

The epitome of POAU is Glenn L. Archer, former Kansas businessman and law school dean who has been executive director of the organization since 1948. Fairly tall and square-shouldered, inclined to be heavy, he has a handsome countenance ruddy with good health, and nearly-white hair. His style is that of a midwestern preacher—eloquent, laced with rhetorical flourishes and poetic images, and urgent, even dramatic. In an hour's address at a public session which drew some 400 persons, he was interrupted more than 20 times by applause, and was given a prolonged round of applause at the conclusion.

Archer lost no time identifying the enemy—the Roman Catholic hierarchy and its lobby in Washington, attempting to "establish its religion by establishing its main institution, the parochial school." He referred to the hierarchy's "lightning bolts of false propaganda," its role as the "chief distorter and misinterpreter of judicial opinion," and its "subtle attack on the separation of church and state." He found the child-benefit principle "spurious" and offered the information that "nuns in hospitals take vows to teach their religion at all times and in all places."

Archer also identified two forces that have weakened the thrust of POAU—the ecumenical movement and the war on poverty. As for the ecumenical movement, "We're all for it," he said in his address. "We ought to have dialogue. Yet who can miss the devastating effects of those using the ecumenical movement as a dialectic to destroy church-state separation? Some proponents of separation of church and state have been immobilized by a permissiveness that passes itself off as brotherhood." (A member of POAU's central staff, Gioele Settembrini, director of church relations and youth, put it more bluntly: "Many Protestants have been lulled into a false sense of security by the ecumenical overtures from Rome which have not abated in the slightest the clerical thirst for power.")

Archer likewise expressed bitterness over "a number of Protestant denominational leaders" who he said have been "timid and hesitant when crucial welfare bills have been before Congress." He suggested that their concern for participation in the distribution of the welfare benefits blinded them to the problem of separation of church and state. Again, however, it was another staff member who spelled out more specifically the accusation. C. Stanley Lowell, associate director of POAU and editor of its monthly magazine, *Church and State,* took a swipe at "today's marching, sit-in, drop-out, beatnik clergyman" who, he said, is "a man without God." Observing that clergymen involved in social welfare programs are seeking "a creative cooperation between the state and the church," Dr. Lowell said that "such an arrangement means the end of the church in its unique, spiritual ministry."

Like local politicians who sometimes indulge in the kind of polemics that their principals must disavow, lower echelon POAU publicists tend to use tougher language than Glenn Archer. Mr. Settembrini informed the conference that "in the U.S. we now witness a tremendous upsurge of clericalism! One church exercises large censorship power over our press, television and radio. The mass media have learned that to expose the wrongdoing of the Roman hierarchy is to risk hostile reprisal." Virgil M. Rogers, a National Education Association official, suggested that the parochial school may "become an anachronistic institution in an ecumenical one-world society." Dr. Hartman referred to the creation of a "crisis" by "one offender—the Roman Catholic hierarchy." And W. Stanley Rycroft, a trustee of POAU, used the old terms "monolithic" and "authoritarian" to describe the Catholic Church, and described Citizens for Educational Freedom as "a Jesuit organization" and an "arm of the church." (In describing the efforts of CEF to have the Blaine amendment repealed in New York, he repeatedly referred to Thomas F. Gibbons, New York state chairman of CEF, as "Father Gibbons.")

The New York voters' rejection of the proposed new state constitution, thus keeping Blaine with its prohibitions against aid to church-related schools, was hailed as a victory for POAU, while the inclusion of some $15,000,000 in auxiliary service benefits for parochial and private school pupils in Ohio's new $300,000,000 school foundation bill was blamed on an unholy alliance of Roman

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Catholic bishops and Governor James Rhodes, a Protestant.

POAU claims close to 200,000 members who contribute at least $5 a year. It has a national staff of about 50, half of whom are in its Washington headquarters, a few blocks from the U.S. Catholic Conference headquarters. It is listed as a non-profit educational organization, and contributions to it are tax-exempt. It is a single-minded organization, with a rigidly absolutist position on separation of church and state, an inflexible dedication to its completely negative aspects. It will probably be around for another 20 years, probing public school textbooks for signs of sectarian sentiment, fighting to oppose the use of public funds for Catholic hospitals and schools, and lobbying for taxes on church property. Already it has taken notice of the upcoming presidential election, surveying the religious affiliations of nine probable candidates and giving by far the most attention to Senators Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, the two Roman Catholics among the nine. JAMES M. SHEA

(James M. Shea is editor of the Catholic Telegraph, *news weekly of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.)*

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THE LIBERAL SPLIT

ADA AND LBJ

After several deferrals and six hours' deliberations, the national board of the Americans for Democratic Action voted 64 to 47 to "welcome and endorse the candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy" and to "give Senator McCarthy their full support." The motion resolved a long period of inaction and indecision during which the ADA leadership had rejected a "dump Johnson" proposal in September and delayed an official position on the McCarthy challenge. Thus, adoption of an endorsement resolution broke an organizational deadlock and climaxed a struggle for control in the liberal camp.

As the ADAers gathered at Washington's Shoreham Hotel, the press was filled with reports about the ostensible conflicts: Vietnam, presidential endorsement, a damoclean union threat of financial retaliation. However, these issues made manifest a split which has been developing for over a decade in the solidity of the old liberal-labor alliance. Underlying these differences on issues has been a basic conflict of interests between the old liberalism, a product of the Cold War and the Joe McCarthy era, and a new liberalism, a by-product of the New Frontier and the Vietnam war.

When he accepted the chairmanship of the ADA last year, John Kenneth Galbraith delivered an outline sketch of the shift in political base and ideological perspective which were reflected in the McCarthy endorsement. "The ADA in the past had its political base in a rough coalition between unattached liberals and liberal trade unionists. . . . But large sections of the labor movement are no longer pillars of liberal strength and on important issues of foreign policy its position is well to the rear of Gerald Ford . . . But as the outlook here is dark, elsewhere it is bright. In recent years we have had an explosive growth in the academic and scientific community. It has a large capacity for leadership and influence, a good political memory, and a special interest in foreign policy."

During his term as chairman, Galbraith nonetheless has tried to play a consensual role and mediate between the old guard and the young turks within the ADA spectrum. Characteristically, his so-called "compromise plan" resolution weighed pragmatic calculations against liberal conscience, committed the officers and staff to aid the McCarthy campaign, *but* left the door open to a possible post-convention reconciliation with the Administration and endorsement of Johnson against the Republicans. Thus far, ADA has only decided to go part of the way against LBJ, and to await an answer to what one delegate referred to as the "hidden question": Can Lyndon Johnson be reformed by liberal suasions and the imminent defections from the Democratic ticket in 1968?

On Saturday morning, civil-rights lawyer Joseph Rauh introduced an unequivocal statement of support for the McCarthy candidacy. Rauh argued that the Senator was "a man on our side, with a 92 percent ADA rating in 19 years in Congress," that ADA offices and expertise could add "new drive, professionalization and legitimation" to the McCarthy challenge, and that anything less would constitute abdication of the liberal position. Gus Tyler, spokesman alternate for Louis Stulberg of the ILGWU, contended that ADA should make no endorsement, keep "options open," and retain the old role of a legislative coalition. In attacking McCarthy, Tyler made especial use of Jack Newfield's *Village Voice* criticisms of the Senator, declaring that McCarthy had "fractionated the peace movement," blocked Bobby, and voted against tax reforms and drug regulation. Tyler's rhetoric and reasoning revealed the real meaning of the disagreement over endorsement: "The whole problem began when we started having membership chapters. Everything was all right when ADA was a coalition of major unions and prominent individuals. Now, these new people have come." Tyler equated any challenge to Johnson with a "politics of passion, protest, sectarianism, and self-immolation, appropriate for a Buddhist monk but not for ADA."

Subsequently, Chairman Galbraith offered his own res-

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olution, whose chief features balanced the pragmatic calculus with the liberal conscience. It condemned the war "not because we are preoccupied with this one issue . . . but also because it is blighting every liberal and progressive program here at home." It endorsed McCarthy because "if one stands for an idea, one must stand up for the man who espouses it." An escape clause, however, gave "practical liberals" who "recognize the odds against a successful challenge to an incumbent President" and "the yet greater danger to liberalism in our time . . . a reactionary Republican" the "full liberty of conscience and action," i.e., permission to work for LBJ and remain in ADA.

The most effective advocate of the Galbraith resolution was Arthur Schlesinger. He noted that ADA had always struck "a balance between pragmatism and pungence." However, Schlesinger said, a "failure to act now" would "tear the organization apart" and amount to a renunciation of any opportunity to lead a "new coalition" of the young, the intellectuals, the churches and the dispossessed minorities, all of whom would experience "virtual disenfranchisement" in a choice between Johnson and Nixon. He ended with a quote from Mark Twain: "When in doubt, do right."

In the end, the national board adopted the Galbraith plan. The voting reflected the new alignments on the national board, the policy-making body of ADA, with unionists and old-guardists pitted against the academics and the grass-roots chapter activists. Gus Tyler interpreted the move to McCarthy as "the end of the coalition." But Arthur Schlesinger observed that "It would have been the end of the ADA if we had not endorsed Gene McCarthy."

Already, the reaction to the endorsement has proved the threat posed by Tyler's warnings something of a paper tiger. Resignations have been received from a handful of Johnson supporters, including Stulberg, I. W. Abel of the Steelworkers, John Roche and economist Leon Keyserling. Their uniform pretext has been that ADA deviated from "traditional commitments" and from "political unity for the finest domestic program in our lifetime." The defection of these men from ADA is not sudden: they have been systematically cutting their ties to the entire liberal community for several years.

In the last year, ADA income from memberships, chapters and fund-raising outstripped declining union contributions. The local ADAs in Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia and other cities have long since split with organized labor in contests between reform and machine candidates. In a sense, that same issue has now been projected onto the national level.

These members and chapters comprise a burgeoning new constituency for ADA among academics and middle-class professionals. The interest of many ADA leaders in the McCarthy endorsement was seen quite frankly as a valuable organizing tool. In the next six months, this new liberal base will call upon ADA to continue its escalation of opposition to Johnson. Much will depend upon the course of the war, how the President handles the summer riots, and the kind of treatment given the "peace caucus" at the Democratic convention.

If LBJ continues to follow his present policies, it will be difficult for the ADA national officers to switch to an endorsement of the Democratic ticket on the basis of the 1948 analogy. Instead, they would have to choose between the Republicans and a third-party, two possibilities toward which they have a constitutional aversion. Yet, an endorsement of Johnson, even as the "less evil alternative" to Nixon, would bring to an end its new-found base among the young. Had it capitulated to the union ultimatum, the weekend would have become a liberal Munich. If it ends up supporting LBJ, for whatever reasons, it will be tantamount to a liberal Dunkirk.

JOHN QUIRK

(John Quirk, an ADA member, is a regular contributor to The Activist, Dissent *and* Commonweal.*)*

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NEW YORK'S SANITATION STRIKE

THE ODOR OF POLITICS

The recent strike of sanitation workers in New York City was an amusing, if aromatic, interlude. Mayor Lindsay, who was too politically inept to resolve the dispute, and Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, who was too shrewd, managed to get themselves entangled like two kittens with a ball of yarn.

But if Lindsay finally scored more political points, the strike illuminated some of the major problems facing New York and all big cities. And they are not problems that can be solved by walking through a ghetto in your shirt sleeves or telling garbage men they are morally reprehensible for being aggrieved at a salary scale that starts at $128 a week.

The most important issue is that New York's expense budget is stretched so thin you can see through it. Lindsay faces a deficit of more than $400 million, and if he does not get substantial help from the state and federal government—who have similar problems at this point—he will have to cut back on vital city services. In earlier wage disputes Lindsay had agreed to unusually high settlements with the teachers and the transit workers, and economists were saying that if the pattern continued the

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city would be in desperate trouble. So, with the contracts of the powerful fire and police unions about to expire, Lindsay decided he had to get tough. He was probably genuinely upset about the union's flouting the law by striking, but the underlying issue was the money. Otherwise the union would not have had to strike.

But, if the city is scraping for money, the sanitationmen and other civil service unions have some justice on their side. In many areas of the economy the working class of a generation ago is moving into the middle-class. The aspirations for affluence are universal. Among factory workers in many industries, however, wages and benefits have risen along with fantastic gains in productivity. Industrial barons can afford to make their workers middle-class. Cities have no such base to meet the demands of their employees.

The squeeze on the city budget is redoubled by the demands of the public for increased services. People want more security, more efficient garbage collection, more protection from the pollution of the air and water, better schools. About 14,000 persons are added each month to the welfare rolls which have already swelled past 800,000 (most of whom are too young, too old, or too incapacitated to support themselves under any circumstances). The city contributes $20-million to an anti-poverty program that did not exist a few years ago. And the only way that rents can be kept down in middle-income housing projects is for the city to forego most of its real estate taxes.

At the same time, the city tax base is imperiled by the continual movement of industry out of congested urban areas to more rural, and far cheaper, locations. The deterioration of residential property in the face of racial and economic change erodes the revenue base still further. Thousands of abandoned buildings dot areas of the Bronx and Brooklyn that have been left to the blacks by the exodus of whites to the suburbs. As of last June 30, $168-million in real estate taxes remained uncollected, a jump of more than 100 per cent in a few years.

Thus, the sanitationmen probably deserve a big raise, and the Mayor probably cannot afford to give it to them. This is the same bind that grips the city in other areas. Increased expenses are justified, even demanded; but the dough is not there.

The long-range fiscal picture remains bleak; the only realistic answer lies in some form of federal tax sharing. Cities like New York, buffeted by the in-migration of thousands of poor Negroes and Puerto Ricans, can no longer pay for themselves. But as they raise taxes in a desperate effort to make ends meet they merely drive out more industries and residents. Federal tax sharing would not only provide the money to close the budget gap, but might stabilize local tax bases by minimizing differences in total taxes between various cities and states.

The sanitation strike raised not only an economic but a political problem. John Lindsay is in many ways New York's first modern mayor. He is the first one to realize fully the depths of the city's problems, particularly the intertwined and deeply-rooted problems of the poor blacks and Puerto Ricans who now comprise 28 percent of the population. He is the first one to realize that city government must take on tremendous responsibilities that clubhouse politicians of a decade ago never imagined. He understands that the city government must become an instrument of social change, or be destroyed by it.

But for all of his novel principles and proper priorities, John Lindsay has proved himself to be a startlingly bad politician. He has improved since his first year, when he thought pure moral outrage would bludgeon union leaders and state legislators into submission. But he still tends to reach for the robes of injured righteousness whenever he gets into a sticky position, instead of hammering out the issue in a back room somewhere. Thus, he managed to bring on a strike of sanitationmen, a union that had struck for exactly two days in the previous 30 years. In the classic wrongheadedness of political reformers, he still seems to equate a bargain with a shady deal, an accommodation with a sellout.

In addition to his troubles with labor and legislators, Lindsay has been a failure with the civil service bureaucracy. He and his men have always shown an inordinate suspicion of the bureaucracy, a suspicion that is not completely unfounded. But, as one of Mayor Wagner's former commissioners put it, he has equated the evils of bureaucracy with bureaucracy itself. He has never sought out and utilized the extraordinary wealth of talent and expertise that lies imbedded in the ungainly and recalcitrant structure of the city government. Because he has glimpsed the future, he thinks he can ignore the past. But the only result of that attitude has been near-paralysis; wonderful principles and programs have been badly implemented. Lindsay rails against red tape, but does not do the things that might get rid of it. For all his true dedication to the needs of the poor, he has little real sympathy for the commoners. They don't feel part of his team, and they don't work as hard for him as they could.

Lindsay's suspicions were revealed again during the sanitation strike. He could not deal with the union, he could only feel morally superior to it. Sure, the union was irresponsible. But did John Lindsay ever once wonder how it might feel to get up at dawn and haul garbage for eight hours in freezing weather? Or come home and have to take a shower before you dared touch your kids?

After more than two years in office John Lindsay has made important commitments to helping the poor—commitments few other mayors, and certainly few Congressmen, seem ready to make. But he is caught in a financial squeeze he did not create, and a political squeeze that he did. Whether he can make good on his commitments, therefore, is still in doubt. STEVEN V. ROBERTS

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THE MOSCOW TRIALS

In no society is the path of dissent an easy one. In the Soviet Union there are special tribulations. . . .

JAMES CRITCHLOW

If these black-conscienced quislings had landed back in the unforgettable 1920's when courts didn't bother with cramped articles of criminal law but "operated according to revolutionary legal know-how," ah, what a different kind of punishment these werewolves would have had! But now, you see, people are still talking about the "harshness" of the sentence.

—Nobel Prizewinner Mikhail Sholokov, speaking about the Sinyavsky-Daniel case at the 23rd Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

Quiet flow the years. Sholokhov is not the only old revolutionary who thinks his country's rule has grown inadmissibly soft. In truth, Soviet justice has come far since the days of revolutionary kangaroo courts and the still bloodier repressions of Stalin's time. Sentences of five or seven years meted out at recent literary trials may be draconian by Western standards: they are a long way from the executioner's bullet in the neck reserved for dissidents in an earlier epoch. Times have changed, and the change continues.

It is, one assumes, not idle blood-lust that makes the generation who rose to the top with Sholokhov yearn for the bad old days, but the menace of evolution. These men, and younger members of the Establishment, have owed their positions to the Communist Party's iron grip on every branch of activity. The Party made them; the Party keeps them where they are. Whether in politics, in science and the economy, in literature and the arts, it has been the Party that divided the men from the boys, with loyalty and subservience overshadowing ability as the touchstone. Today's challenges to the Party's hold are a threat to security and special privilege.

The Party has not lost control. It can still wield just about as much muscle as it chooses, but there are practical deterrents. For one thing, collective leadership requires a consensus of the Politburo, and even at the very top there are evident differences of opinion about how far to go in stifling dissent. There is the risk of embarrassment abroad, where not only bourgeois enemies but even foreign Communists are quick to condemn excesses of repression. And at home there is the inchoate force of emerging opinion.

In Stalin's time, when people became restless it was always possible to shoot a few in the name of the Revolution, *pour encourager les autres*. Nowadays, with more than half the population under thirty, i.e., born into a country that had already been proclaimed "socialist," revolutionary romanticism lacks conviction. Besides, the police apparatus needed to wage mass terror was partly dismantled by the post-Stalinist collective leaders, as insurance against one of their number's being able to use it someday against the others. Most importantly, a society run by terror could hardly generate the achievements needed to maintain Soviet commitments to the space and armaments races.

It was no accident that the scientific community was the first to free itself of outside interference after Stalin's death. The intricate operations needed to produce nuclear weapons and rocketry could not be directed by mere toadies, and the leadership had the wisdom to see that. In the wake of their spectacular successes, the pres-

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tige and independence of the scientists has grown. But scientists are intellectuals, drawn to other intellectuals. In the USSR they have become a political Maecenas, protectors behind the scenes of kindred creative spirits. Some, like the eminent nuclear physicist Kapitsa, have even campaigned openly. This in turn has given the poets and artists a perch from which to spread their influence to other quarters of the New Class. During a recent trial, sidewalk demonstrators before the building included a cashiered major-general.

Paradoxically, genuine political ferment appears limited essentially to the élite and those, students for example, who are at its fringes. The less privileged are still pursuing creature comforts. It is the grandsons of Old Bolshevik foreign ministers who have had the leisure to brood about things like freedom. In this the pattern of Russian history is only repeating itself for it was the nineteenth-century upper and middle classes who spawned the revolutionaries of 1905 and 1917. (Indeed, Jefferson and Robespierre were not proletarians either.)

Moscow is not the only arena. Last year, several dozen writers, professors and students in Leningrad—reportedly disciples of the philosopher Berdyaev (who died in emigration)—were arrested. They are said to have been accused of having illegal arms and of complicity in an underground organization which extended as far as the Ukraine and the Ural city of Sverdlovsk. Reports of writer arrests have been numerous from the Ukraine, where unrest is clearly tinged with nationalist aspirations. Outlying places are less accessible to foreign scrutiny, and news of happenings is necessarily sparse.

In dealing with dissidence, the authorities have now been forced, by pressures at home and from abroad, to a limited observance of legal proprieties. Soviet justice knows no *habeas corpus,* but indefinite imprisonment without a courtroom trial is no longer practiced. (There are still lapses however: the "Phoenix" group—Alexander Ginzburg and three others—was kept in pre-trial confinement for a year, longer than the law allows.) Political trials may be open only in theory, and the conviction of the accused a foregone conclusion, but defendants are able to state their case articulately. At times they are as splendid as a Thomas More in their defiance of the court. The poet Vladimir Bukovsky, sentenced last September to three years' imprisonment for staging a demonstration on behalf of previously jailed writers, was even able, in his final plea, to out-talk the judge, who kept interrupting him:

BUKOVSKY: . . . Freedom of speech and of the press is, first of all, freedom for criticism. . . . In the United States, the Communist Party was outlawed but the Supreme Court declared this prohibition unconstitutional and restored the Communist Party to its rights. . . .

JUDGE: Defendant Bukovsky, this has no bearing on the accusation in your case. You must understand that the court is not competent to decide on the questions of which you speak. It is not for us to discuss but to carry out the laws.

BUKOVSKY: Again you interrupt me. You must understand that it is difficult for me to speak.

JUDGE: I declare a five-minute recess.

BUKOVSKY: I didn't ask for that and I shall shortly conclude my final plea. You are violating the continuity of the final plea.

The recess was held, but Bukovsky resumed his speech with undiminished defiance.

Relatives and friends of the defendants in January's "Phoenix" trial met frequently with Western journalists to brief them on the proceedings: at the end, a statement branding the whole affair as a "witch trial" was given out for publication, although eventually police intervened to keep foreign newsmen from attending a press-conference scheduled in protest. In this case, the relative leniency of the authorities served only to highlight their fundamental abuses.

In no society is the path of dissent an easy one. In the Soviet Union there are special tribulations. A citizen is dependent on the state for his livelihood as well as his freedom. The recent dismissal of Pavel Litvinov from his post at the Moscow Institute of Precision Chemical Technology, in obvious retaliation for his defiance of KGB orders not to publicize the Bukovsky trial, is fresh testimony to this fact. Constitutional guarantees of civil rights exist on paper, but they are circumvented or withdrawn at the pleasure of the powers: by committing to mental institutions those who criticize too loudly, by depriving the public, *de facto,* of access to trials, by using the official press monopoly to prejudge cases, by harassment and brutalization of those already under sentence (as described movingly by Larisa Daniel in her account of her frail husband's present sufferings). Those who persist as rebels in this climate leave little doubt as to their courage, stamina and devotion to the values which motivate them.

Reforming Communism

What are the aspirations of Soviet dissenters? Religious feelings have always been present among the various currents of opposition to Soviet rule. The same is true of nationalism which, among Russians, can take the forms of nineteenth-century Slavophilia, in itself an innocent doctrine but one that in its extreme manifestations can lead to ugly right-wing ultranationalist ambitions. But the dissenters of today, at least those who are in the forefront, have found new inspirations.

They seek, it seems, not to replace their system but to reform it. At his trial, Andre Sinyavsky declared: "I regard Communism as the only goal that can be propounded by the modern mind: the West has been unable to come up with anything approaching it. . . . But

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the actual methods are not always consistent with the goal." A common tactic is to press for genuine enforcement of the Soviet Constitution of 1936. At one demonstration, posters were carried reading "Respect the Constitution!" (The demonstrators were arrested anyway.) In his final plea, Bukovsky asserted: "When I gain my freedom I shall again organize demonstrations—again, of course, in complete observance of the laws."

It should be noted that these professions of Communism hold no brief for sins committed in its name, nor do they embody the truculent materialism which made earlier Marxists intolerant of religion.

When arrested for literary and other activities the accused are nearly always charged with being in league with foreign enemies. The defendants in the "Phoenix" trial were convicted on vague allegations that they had received money from an anti-Soviet emigré organization abroad, something that apparently was not substantiated by the prosecution in any convincing detail. In fact, most of those involved seem anything but slavish in their appreciation of the West and often point this out. They are not eager to replace their own system with others which, whatever their political superiority, seems to them less advanced in terms of social progress. That they may someday find it expedient, if they ever come to power, to adopt certain safeguards of Western-style democratic institutions is perhaps to be hoped, but today it is beside the point. There may be a certain naïveté about practical methods of rule, but it is clear that fundamental ideals of human dignity and freedom burn in some Soviet Russian breasts (or Ukrainian, Estonian, or Jewish) with no less bright a flame than elsewhere.

Although the movement owes certain historical debts to the political thought of Herzen and other nineteenth-century liberals (and, somewhat contradictorily, to the social teachings of Marx and Lenin), it is its essentially contemporary quality that is most striking. The *Zeitgeist* of today's restless youth has penetrated the borders of the Soviet Union; in that sense the country's stirrings are profoundly internationalist. What we are witnessing can properly be called a Soviet New Left. Its members share with the American New Left a rejection of their fathers' and grandfathers' complacency toward injustices continuing to flourish behind a screen of liberal and humanitarian slogans. They resent the overseas involvements of their government (as in Eastern Europe and the Middle East) for sidetracking domestic programs. In their impatience to fulfill the frustrated hopes of previous generations, they are willing to gore sacred cows. They distrust the protesters of an earlier day who now cooperate (if not always tamely) with the Establishment: in the Soviet Union, men like the poets Yevtushenko and Voznesensky (who are said by *Le Monde* to have refused to contribute to a defense fund for Bukovsky).

The differences between the Soviet and American New Lefts are more environmental than political and philosophical. The Soviet New Left reflects the greater limitations on individual political freedom in Soviet society; it is concerned less with long-term goals than with immediate problems like freedom of speech and the right to an open trial. In its present focus on the rights of the individual, the Soviet New Left is less involved than the American with the problems of groups.

Obviously, these generalizations about Soviet New Leftists fit individual cases only with qualification; the people to whom they apply are no more cut from the same mold than are their American counterparts. Moreover, cohesion is especially difficult in a society where intercommunication is under handicaps.

If, despite the accusations of Soviet press and prosecutors, the Soviet New Left is not an arm of Western imperialism, it looks eagerly to Western opinion in its present struggle. Behind extraordinary risks taken to smuggle manuscripts and other documents such as protests and trial proceedings out of the country is knowledge that *glasnost'* (publicity) is the best protection against arbitrary police power. Western opinion is a potent deterrent to the authorities. Thanks to electronics, news of Western protest actions quickly circulates in the Soviet Union. Western radios also make a point of broadcasting smuggled writings back to the USSR, where home tape-recorders are in vogue.

It is sad to contemplate the apathy of the mass of American intellectuals in the face of this almost pathetic dependence on the West. True, a petition for the amnesty of Sinyavsky and Daniel, bearing the names of more than 500 U.S. authors, editors and publishers (from Allen Ginsberg to William F. Buckley), was released not long ago, nearly two years after the sentencing—and after a number of other trials had taken place in the meantime. Aside from this commendable if somewhat belated action, and a few isolated other protests, the intellectual community in America has viewed the trammeling of Soviet human rights with a generous measure of detachment. (Protests in Western Europe have been considerably more energetic.) More often than not, it is the Right rather than the Left which champions Soviet oppositionists. There is irony in the bedfellowship of American conservatives and the Soviet New Left.

Why the reticence of the American Left? In particular, why are the peace and civil-rights movements so silent about matters which should concern them vitally? Does this derive from a guilty feeling that thinking about other people's problems is a cop-out on the fight for progress at home? Is it a disgusted reaction to the facile anti-Communism of clichés like "Free World" that have at times been used to lull us into oblivion of our own ills? Is it because of a feeling that the Soviet government opposes LBJ and napalm (to mention some other clichés) and should therefore have its sins remitted, according to a kind of devil's syllogism that makes the enemy of one's enemy a friend?

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As emotional responses, such sentiments are perhaps understandable, but nothing should be allowed to obscure the Soviet New Left's intrinsic importance to every genuine opponent of injustice and intolerance. The steadfastness of its individual adherents is writing a new chapter in the indomitability of the human spirit. To those of other countries who will pay heed, it offers perceptions which are valid far beyond the confines of the USSR, a new and pure distillation of ideals purchased at the cost of freedom and family security.

At stake here is no crusade against Communism. As a matter of fact, the role of the Soviet New Left in contending against jingoist ultra-revolutionist, Bonapartist or Fascist challengers in some post-Communist state may eventually be no less important than its present activity. For Western libertarians, especially of the Left, to deny at least moral support to a movement of this kind is a cruel repudiation of the values which they themselves profess. Let them raise their voices now, for they will be heard gratefully in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev.

Black nationalists and an Israeli diplomat

WATTS VS. ISRAEL

PAUL JACOBS

"You know them trees you got planted all over Israel from the Jews here in Los Angeles, well, they should have our names on them, not the Jews' names. The money for them trees comes out of my back, out of the back of every black brother in the ghetto!"

Bitterly, other voices rose in the room, affirming and approving what Tommy Jacquette, a young bearded Negro leader with a "natural" haircut was asserting, so emphatically, to Ephraim Evron, Minister of Israel to the United States. Jacquette, who always wears a sweatshirt with a picture of Malcom X stenciled on it, had been the first of the more than 20 Negroes meeting with Evron and me to answer the Israeli diplomat's question about why so many black nationalists in the U.S. had identified with the Arabs during the Arab-Israeli War of June, 1967. And Jacquette's attitude was obviously shared by most of the other men with whom we sat in a back room at Operation Bootstrap, a storefront, self-financed vocational training school and business enterprise, located on Central Avenue in the heart of the Los Angeles Negro ghetto.

The meeting took place because weeks earlier, in Washington, Evron, who is a close friend of mine, had asked me about the reasons for the anti-Israel attitude voiced by so many black militants; I had suggested that instead of my reporting their reasons to him, it would be better to hear them directly from them. So, when he'd come to Los Angeles on other work, I'd asked Bob Hall and Lew Smith of Bootstrap to set up a meeting for us with the most militant Negroes in Los Angeles, some of whom I knew, others who were strangers to me.

A few minutes after we arrived, we settled down to talk in one of the Bootstrap classrooms. The group was a fairly representative one of black nationalists; a few wore African hats and sported earrings; one or two were in three-button suits, the rest in jeans or sport clothes. But, despite the often sharp differences among them, every member of the group was involved in trying, somehow, to build a *separate* black community. Hall and Smith, as representatives of Bootstrap with its "Learn, Baby, Learn" slogan were at one end of the black continuum; at the other end were the two young men who immediately gave me a leaflet which, under a drawing of Uncle Sam pointing his finger, proclaimed:

"I wants YOU *nigger*

"Become a member of the world's highest paid black mercenary army!

"Fight for Freedom . . . (in Viet Nam)

"Support White Power—travel to Viet Nam, you might get a medal!

"Receive valuable training in the skills of killing off other oppressed people!

"(Die Nigger Die—you can't die fast enough in the ghettos.)

"So run to your nearest recruiting chamber!

"W H Y? Black people fighting Yellow people for White People . . ."

One of these two carried a rifle.

The nationalists had come to Bootstrap for a number of reasons. A few of them were friends of mine, who trusted me enough to attend because I asked them. Others were there for a combination of reasons: they were curious to meet a high official of another government, anxious to vent their bitter feelings about Jews, perhaps proud because we had come to see them in their territory and perhaps, too, because some of them were eager for a session of verbal bloodletting. Certainly, only one

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or two of them had any initial interest in Israeli accomplishments except for a grudging admiration about Israel's military accomplishments.

The meeting had started with my introduction of Evron and brief explanation that he hadn't come so much to talk as to listen, to discover from them why they felt as they did about Israel, especially in relationship to the Arabs in the recent Middle Eastern situation. Without any hesitation, they began talking.

Jewish Businessmen

Jacquette led off with his brief but impassioned denunciation of the role played by Jewish businessmen in the ghetto, who paid for the planting of trees in Israel. From all sides of the room, others shouted encouragement at him.

—"That's right. Tell it the way it is!"

—"You said it, man. The only Jew we ever see is the ones who come down here in their Jew canoes [in the ghetto, a Cadillac is called a "Jew canoe."] and take our money back to Beverly Hills."

—"You the first Jew ever came down here to talk with us straight except for Paul and he ain't no real Jew anyway."

—"What do you mean, Paul ain't no real Jew? He's just like the rest of the Jews, he's coming down here and exploiting us, too. He writes books and articles about us, don't he? That's how he makes his bread. Where would he be without us to write about?"

Evron listened for quite a while, never once losing his professional aplomb. Then he spoke up. "Why do you connect me with what some American Jewish businessmen do here in the ghetto? I'm sure some Jewish businessmen cheat you but I don't approve of that here anymore than in my own country and I'm sure there are plenty of Jews in Los Angeles who don't approve of it, either. So why do you attack Israel for something that happens because of some Jews in Los Angeles?"

"You're one people, ain't you?" was the answer. You're always talking about how you're one people and when you got into the war with the Arabs, the Jews here in Los Angeles, they gave you millions of dollars so you could buy guns. Well, that money came from us, too."

"And another thing," interrupted someone in the back, "how come, when you cats need guns, all these liberal Jews around here rush to help you buy them and maybe even buy them for you but when *we* ask them to help us buy some guns, they get all up tight and tell us how terrible it is to encourage violence by walking around with guns."

"My country needs arms," answered Evron, "and American Jews understand this. They understand that we're surrounded by enemies intent on wiping us out. Would you expect us not to take the money to defend ourselves?"

"Hell, no," was the answer. "We don't blame you for taking the money but we'd like some too, because it's our money and besides we're surrounded by enemies too, just like you. The white peoples want to wipe us out just like you say the Arabs wants to do to you."

"Let me tell you something else about those liberal Jews in Los Angeles," another of the men says to Evron. "When the Jews had the big rally here for Israel, who did they get for the main speaker? Reagan, that's who they got!! That mother wants to kill us and you Jews get him to make speeches for you. And you wonder why we don't like the Jews?"

All over the room nods of agreement punctuated these points. Then the argument shifted to Israel's relations with the under-developed nations of the world. Evron explained that Israel still maintained diplomatic relations with Cuba, despite the U.S. boycott. Then, he was questioned intensively about what Israel had done to help the blacks in Rhodesia and South Africa. Patiently, he answered by citing Israel's record in the U.N., pointing out that it was Israel's vote that was decisive in giving Libya its seat, even though Israel knew the country was going to line up with the Arab bloc. On South Africa, Evron argued that Israel has always voted against apartheid even though its position has hurt the South African Jewry. Then he discussed the Israeli training programs for the African nations, both civilian and military.

"How about giving us some military training?" someone wisecracked. "We need it just as much as the Africans."

"If you were serious, you wouldn't be asking me that here," Evron snapped back.

"He's right, man," shouted a militant nationalist, chiding the one who had put the question to Evron. "What the hell you want this dude to say, that he's going to take you over there and make you into a big fighter? What's the matter, man, like you can't learn fighting here? You go see some of them black cats coming back from Veetnam, they'll teach you, if you don't know."

On and on the arguments went, moving from the discrimination suffered in Israel by the darker skinned Jews and Arabs to the ancient history of the Arabs as slave traders to the current slaughter of blacks by Arabs. They discussed the failure of liberal Jews in America to understand what it is that American Negroes want and used the advertisements taken out by the Zionists identifying the war against the Arabs as one against Communism as an example of Israel's close identification with the United States and the Western Powers. Again and again, Israel's 1956 role in the Suez was denounced, especially the alliance with the English and the French, who were identified by the blacks as the enemy in the Algerian struggle.

Two major themes emerged from the heated discussion: the alleged exploitative role of some American Jews inside the ghettos and the Negroes' identification of the

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Arabs as supporters of the colored peoples in the world.

The level of the discussion was both primitive and sophisticated; ignorant and knowledgeable. It was clear that most of the people in the room knew little or nothing of the reality of Israel: vis-à-vis most Negroes, the Israelis are the victims of their own propaganda and that of their ardent American Jewish supporters. Instead of knowing that Israel is a complex country, with powerful internal strains and conflicts, American Negroes see it only as a simplified extension of middle class Jewish Fairfax Avenue and upper class Beverly Hills. And they are convinced also that the American Jews exercise decisive influence over Israel's internal and external policies.

The discussion went on for hours. People entered the room and left it. The ones I knew waved hello and goodbye, the others merely came and went, without any salutation. One man fell asleep in his chair, a large coke bottle got passed around, cigarette packs flipped back and forth.

The room grew smoky and outside the sounds of the people coming for classes began to intrude on the discussion. As I listened to the arguments, I realized again how quickly the people in the room had learned: a few years ago some of them were gang leaders or hustlers, uninterested in politics, but now they were participating in a very sophisticated political discussion about the nature of America's international policies and the ties between Israel and the U.S. Thus, even though the language of the discussion was that of the streets, rather than the classroom or an international political forum, the issues they raised were those most relevant to them.

Occasionally, Evron had difficulty in understanding the ghetto language. "Don't jive me, man," someone hollered at him when he seemed to be evading a direct answer to an uncomfortable question. He looked at me and I translated for him. Then Hall stood up and announced, "We'll have to move out of here. If we want to keep discussing, we'll have to move over to the little house. There's a class going to start in here."

We took a break and walked into the Bootstrap auto repair shop, still talking and arguing. Some of the men left, either having heard enough or with other places to go. Evron was surrounded by a little knot of people as I talked with one of my friends.

"Let's go buy a bottle," he said, "before we start in again."

"You mean, let's me go buy a bottle."

"That's right, you got bread and I'm broke. You're a rich Jew and I'm just a poor nigger, remember. I don't live in no fancy house like you do, up there in San Francisco."

"When are you coming back to San Francisco for another visit? Ruth says she misses hearing you fighting with me."

"Soon. I got a lot of things to take care of here but maybe I can get away in a couple of weeks and we can get drunk for a couple of days."

I told Eppi I was leaving for a few minutes and he nodded agreement. My friend and I walked down the street to the liquor store.

"How's it going here?"

"Same old crap. Nothing's changed. The cops are getting tight up again. That new chief, he's a slippery bastard. At least, with Parker, you knew where you stood but this son-of-a-bitch, he's always talking one way and moving the other. Could have a bad scene here."

By this time, we'd crossed Central Avenue and were inside the liquor store. It was crowded and noisy.

"What do you want me to buy?"

"Get a bottle of cognac. Good cognac."

I bought a bottle and paid for it while my friend got a paper sack and filled it with ice cubes. Then he picked up a batch of paper cups and we started to leave. But a red-eyed, hostile drunk barred our way out and my friend avoided a scene by introducing me to him. The drunk started talking incoherently to me, now not hostile any longer. We left the store.

"I figure one of these days, I'm going to come down here in the middle of something and I'll get my lumps, too," I said as we walked out onto the street.

"Yeah, you might, especially if one of us isn't with you. And the way things are going, even that might not help."

"That's a nice thought. Thanks a bundle."

"Anytime. Always glad to help a friend."

By this time, we were back in the shop. Evron was still at it, still answering the questions. We moved to the little house next to the building. It was the first time I'd been in it since it was converted from a dilapidated, filthy hovel into a little school building. Over the door hung a sign, "Operation Baby Bootstrap." Inside it was fixed up like a combination kindergarten and elementary school. We sat down on the little children's chairs, paper cups of cognac in our hands and the discussion began again. The group was smaller and their questions were less hostile and focused more on specifics about Israel. Obviously, their interest in Israel had become piqued by what Eppi had said in answering their questions. Then, one of the men in the group said to Eppi, "How can some of us get over to Israel? We'd like to see those kibbutzes

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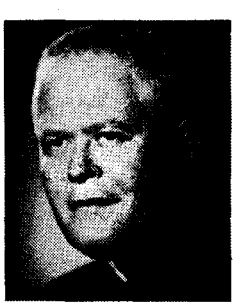

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you're talking about. Maybe we could start something like that here."

"I don't know how you can get there. I can't tell you that my government will bring you over because I can't make such a promise. But I can try to arrange something and I *will* try to do it. If I can do it, I'll get in touch with you."

The man looked at me and said, "Well, at least, this cat's not making us another promise that won't be kept. He's being honest and we don't get much of that around here."

Finally, Eppi said, "Look, I've been answering your questions for a couple of hours. Now let me ask you some things." The group assented. "What do you want," asked Eppi. "So far, all I've heard is about how bad it is for you in America. Now I want you to tell me what you want to do about it. What do you want?"

"Self-respect, self-defense and self-determination. We want to control our own community," was the first answer he got.

"I understand you when you say you want self-respect and self-defense because that's why so many Jews went to Israel and made it into the kind of country it is today. But what do you mean by self-determination? Do you want to have a separate state? A separate section in each city? How would they function? I can see how maybe you could control something like the schools, but how would you set up a separate tax structure?"

Now, everybody started talking and in a few minutes a heated argument was going on among the members of the group. Eppi and I were outside this discussion, but he listened intently, more intently than I, for I have heard these arguments many times in the past and I expect to hear them many times more in the future. No clear or definite answers emerged to Eppi's questions from the black militants, for I believe it is still too early for that to be possible. The tempo of internal change has increased so sharply in the past few years within the Negro community that no one, inside or outside it, can keep up with every shade of the opinions being voiced. The political debate has started at a new level among Negroes, and it will take more time than has yet elapsed before clear positions do come out. Perhaps, in the end, no tenable policy based on separatism will develop but, as I listened to the members of the group shouting at each other, it was apparent that today the notion of integration is rejected by all these militants, even though they do not know precisely what separatism and self-determination mean, in political terms.

Out of the hubbub of voices, I heard, again and again, the phrases, "self-respect," "self-defense," "self-determination," and as a bitter counterpoint, accusation about taking money from "The Man." By now, this debate is almost a stale one for ever since the anti-poverty program began, some Negroes have argued that anyone taking government funds has sold out to the enemy and that the community has been fragmented by a scramble for the federal money.

Finally, the discussion tapered off. We said goodbye, shook hands with everybody and got back into the car. As we drove away, Eppi sat back in the seat and sighed a little.

"You must be dead," I said. "We were there four hours."

"No," he answered. "I'm not tired. But now I see what you mean about what's happening. You could have told me all about it, but nothing you could have said would have given me the real sense of how it really is here. Now I really know what you mean when you talk about the polarization taking place. Is it worse now than before?"

"Yes, it's worse and I think the worst is still to come."

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SISTER M. SIMPLICIA, I.H.M.

FIRST OF MARCH

White steppes
confirm the forecast:
cold and raw.

Snow and air,
Each supports
the other's fallacy.

They do not fool
a different pair.
For man and bird

this long deep freeze
is only 'seem.'
Blue jays know.

On roadside trees
they tell us so
giving the password

thaw, thaw, THAW!
Contriving man
outwits, resolves

the winter-dream.
He sees a sign
in noonday sky:

a shell of blue serene,
rainbow spilled and
spreading like a tide,

the covenant of spring.

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SETTLING THE ACCOUNT

THE STAGE

I would like to be able to like the plays of Arthur Miller. The man is patently honest, dedicated, responsible, and, when talking about the drama (as distinct from talking about *his* drama, and from writing it) discerning. Which is not to say that *The Price* is undiscerning. But it is improbable, uncompelling, old-fashioned, humorless for all its jokes, and undramatic. It is a well-meaning, respectable, middlebrow anachronism, and, I am afraid, a bore.

As often before, Miller's model is Ibsen, but with a fatal difference—leaving aside the question of whether one could meaningfully write even good Ibsen in 1968. *The Price* concerns two brothers, Victor and Walter, who have not seen each other for 16 years. When their father lost all his money in the Crash, Walter was working his way through medical school and sending home a measly $5 a month. Victor gave up the study of science, became a policeman, and supported their father as best he could. Walter, later on, refused even a loan of $500 to Victor, which would have enabled him to finish college.

As the play begins, Victor, a police sergeant, comes to the attic crammed with family furniture which, Pop being dead and the building condemned, is to be sold to an antiques dealer. He has notified Walter about the impending sale and his intention to go halves with him, even though Walter is now an extremely prosperous surgeon. Esther, Victor's wife, is a practical creature, striving both for some hard-headed understanding with Walter and for a good price on the furniture. Solomon, the antiques dealer and appraiser, is ancient and wily, all bittersweet shrewdness—a kind of living, squawking compendium of Jewish humor.

Finally Walter arrives, and the past is resurrected: new facts (or are they fictions?) come to light, and the problem of what price one must or must not pay out of filial duty is passionately batted around. Charges and countercharges are made; the questions of whether duty is really self-indulgence, ruthlessness really common sense, and whether the old man was really worth it (it turns out he had $4000 nicely tucked away somewhere) are inconclusively argued and agonized over. The brothers part again, and nothing seems to be changed, let alone resolved.

Now it is perfectly true that in most of Ibsen's plays the past—as something that fills our closets with skeletons or casts its grim shadow over the present—figures prominently as it is gradually unraveled and revealed. Then, however, there is the present. There is what *does* happen to Rosmer and Rebecca, Solness and Hilda, and the rest. There is a dramatic situation in the present, or even a contemplation of the future (as for Nora or Dr. Stockmann) that is developed and that absorbs us. In *The Price*, the entire play looks backward and argues about what really happened back then, or should have happened, and why. But in the present of the play there is next to nothing, and in its future nothing at all. This makes for a dramatic movement as of a man in a gale who tries to advance by backing into the wind, but is continually swept toward his starting point, and cannot even face the future that lies behind him.

For a realistic play, moreover, there is far too much here that is improbable—such as Walter's having the information about Pop's cache that Victor lacked, or Walter's attempt to give Victor the $500 after all, only the message being delivered to Pop who selfishly withholds it from Victor. Most incredible of all is the 16-year blackout of communication between brothers, to the point where Victor doesn't hear even of Walter's divorce and protracted nervous breakdown. And, upon all this, the casual way in which the brothers resume their bickerings and *politesses*, as if nothing had happened.

Then there is the awkwardness of even what lopsided construction there is. Thus, for example, Mr. Solomon is kept in the other room during much of the play, to be brought on whenever it is time for a little comic relief: periodically he pops out, like a joke-in-the-box, with lox-flavored yaks like "Water I don't need; a little blood I could use." The problem is that Miller cannot imbue his principal characters with any humor ("You were grinding your teeth again last night," says Esther, to which Victor's comic rejoinder is "Well, no wonder my ear hurts," which Esther, in turn, tops with "It sounded like a lot of rocks rolling down a mountain"), nor can he raise their dialogue to the heights of poetry—"We are dying, that's what's true!" is about as high as his language can lumber up that mountain. For Miller's language is an instrument that has an accurately defined middle range, but lacks both the bass of real wit and the treble of poetry.

Moreover, Miller continues here to be obsessed by his two interconnecting themes: the family and guilty consciences. Always there are brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives clashing over excessive demands on, or real or imagined neglect of, each other. I do not know whether this set of problems is exhausted, or whether it has merely exhausted Miller, but I seem to detect, along with the smell of midnight oil, the smell of stale sweat from running behind the times. Finally, can one really care about the lost potentials and troubled consciences of these insufficiently plastic, insufficiently moving characters? One does not even get the sense of any great waste—except of one's time at the theater.

In *After the Fall*, Miller disguised himself as Quentin, a lawyer. But if we note all those exact figures in *The Price*—$5, $500, $4,000—we begin to wonder whether

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he is not, in the deepest sense, an accountant in playwright's disguise. And, to keep the account straight, we must note that the acting, particularly Kate Reid's, is good, and that Boris Aronson's setting is a monumental pile of antiquated bric-a-brac. I wish it were not such a perfect objective correlative for the dramaturgy. (*At the Morosco*)

JOHN SIMON

BUBBLY BUT SAD

THE SCREEN

It's been an odd movie week, odd but interesting. And the best of the oddballs is "Charlie Bubbles," a marvelous funny-sad English movie about a highly successful and famous writer who's tired and bored and seems to be discovering for the first time that fame is not all it's cracked up to be. Although the screenplay, an expertly written original by Shelagh Delaney, has almost no plot, it has so many other things that add up to perfection (real characters, true dialogue, ironic situations) that it is a gem of its kind. Furthermore, and this is the biggest surprise of all, it has the direction of actor Albert Finney, his first effort along this line, and the result is brilliance all over the place without its being show-off.

Fortunately for Finney, however, producer Michael Medwin (no doubt working closely with Finney) lined up a good photographer, Peter Suschitsky, to do the fine color photography of the many carefully selected location scenes in London and Manchester and rural Derbyshire and chose a first-rate cast for Finney to direct. Finney, himself, is excellent as Charlie Bubbles, the restless, soured-on-life writer who's ready to pop if he hears any more clichés or insincere flattery or speeches from people interested only in themselves—and he hears plenty.

Surrounding Finney, and all good right down the line, are: Colin Blakely as a fellow writer with whom Charlie goes on a drunk after a hilarious scene in a stuffy, sedate restaurant where the two men throw blobs of stew, soup, salad, whipped cream cake *ad nauseam*, at each other (this scene, though really funny, runs far too long and is director Finney's only serious error in not knowing when to end it); Billie Whitelaw as Charlie's bitter, unforgiving ex-wife whose biggest mistake was in not understanding and sticking with her talented, Peter Pan-type husband; Timothy Garland as their son, a spoiled and painfully real child of divorce; Liza Minnelli in her first film as Charlie's secretary-mistress, a hard, calculating bitch determined to become a writer herself and use Charlie in and out of bed to further her career; and many more good actors as Charlie's accountants, servants in Charlie's handsome house that has a TV set in Charlie's office that shows what's going on in every room, and Charlie's fawning acquaintances who keep turning up to annoy our dispirited non-hero. Charlie's visit to his divorced wife and son contains a series of quite touching incidents suggesting what might have been had the two adults been more grown up. Most of the humor throughout the film is on the ironical side—with the fun usually ending on a sour note. Perhaps the scenes with the ex-wife and son are meant to prepare us for the picture's morning-after finale, a finale that would have delighted Edwin Arlington Robinson in his *Richard Corey* mood but may throw some audiences for a loop.

Equally oddball, although at times offensively so, is "The Fox," which was made from D. H. Lawrence's 1921 short novel. Evidently producer Raymond Stross and director Mark Rydell, deciding that Lawrence's tale about a couple of girls on a farm whose not-too-happy-arrangement is broken up by a foxy young man is a little too tame for up-to-date movie audiences, asked their scriptwriters to fancy it up with some sex scenes that even Lawrence didn't include. So now the story is more sick than Lawrence made it in his subtle writing.

Beautifully filmed in Canada in some of the most stunning winter scenes ever photographed, "The Fox" shows the two girls (Sandy Dennis as the softer more feminine Jill; Anne Heywood as the harder March, a sort of man-of-all-work) struggling along to keep their farm going in spite of adversities. March is the unhappier of the two and more frustrated—which is the point, no doubt, of the masturbation scene. But when the cunning and handsome young man (Keir Dullea) arrives and moves in, the girls are more unsettled than ever. Jill is convinced that he's for her. However Paul is attracted to March and is determined to get what he wants. He does; so while Paul and March are carrying on in the barn, Jill is wailing and weeping in the cold. March later consoles her by crawling into bed with her. How Paul wins stems from a contrivance in Lawrence's original. The three characters, though well played, don't win us. So all we're left with in the 1968 "Fox" is some very beautiful scenery.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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THOMAS M. CONRAD

Griffith has produced a technical study of the Chinese armed forces, both before and after 1949, which is excellently done and is of interest to a wider audience than most strategic studies. My only criticisms are rather technical ones; it would have been useful if Griffith had assessed in more detail the weapons available to the Chinese armed forces and the scientific and industrial base which China needs for military self-sufficiency.

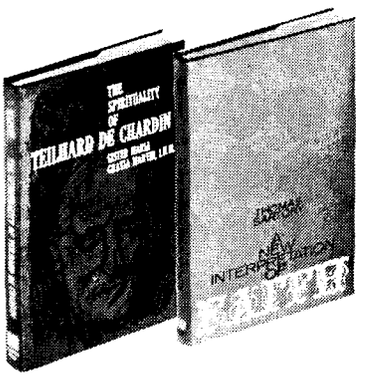
These are matters which are very difficult to study with public information; they are also matters which require public study now, while the Chinese PLA is still largely dependent on old gifts of equipment from the Soviets, and before the usual U.S. tendency to underrate the technical ability of potential enemies becomes too hardened. Unlike any other observers, Griffith seriously considers and explicitly discusses the troublemaking potential of Chinese nuclear forces in Asia. His technical estimates of China's nuclear program seem to me to be understated, but this is a question which cannot be briefly and simply discussed, and is a source of much controversy at present.

Koningsberger's book is not intended to be scholarly; it is impressionistic and personal. Among the flood of recent books on China, the outpouring of theoretical prose and journalism-on-the-run which we always get when it looks likely that we shall be getting into a war with some "new" and unfamiliar nation, it is relaxing to read a personal and even idiosyncratic account. In this case, the relaxation is brought up short near the end of the book by a discussion of the "new morality" in China. The author himself makes some prefatory remarks which suggest that he does not feel quite at ease, but then launches into a bracing discussion of the "selflessness" ethic in People's China, and wistfully suggests the contrast between this form of public morality and the selfishness which is rampant in the West.

It is fascinating how seductive this "new morality" seems to those who are not usually thought of as totalitarians; only a short while ago, I. F. Stone, in an article prefaced by a disclaimer of any knowledge of what was happening in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, suggested in a wistful tone similar to Koningsberger's how nice it would be to have a whole nation pulling together. I presume that both Koningsberger and Stone would find such a selfless mobilization somewhat less suitable if it meant a total war in Vietnam backed by more than a chimera of national "consensus."

Fairbank, an East Asian historian, has successfully evaded the limitations typical of many of his colleagues who cannot understand or at least come to intellectual peace with the behavioral sciences other than history. There is much history here, but the typical academic Sinologist's tacit assumption that China never "really" changes, in some casuist's sense of "really," is mainly avoided. Fairbank's book is a collection of essays, most of them quite recent, and there is some repetition of basic themes, but on the whole it is well-edited and quite coherent.

My criticisms of Fairbank's book have more to do with probable mis-



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readings of it than with the work itself, although an author is always to some extent to blame for not anticipating and heading-off typical misreadings. Anyone writing or speaking about China in the U.S. at present has to be fully aware of the anxiety reactions and tendencies both to hysteria and to complacency (serving the same psychological purpose), if he wants to communicate precisely. An historian writing for his peers is rightly expected to see a coherence in Chinese history; he is expected to identify and trace the social processes which are relatively unvarying, and to try to explain discontinuities which cannot be denied without becoming vague and excessively abstract.

The bias of historians is to overestimate coherence; the bias of social psychologists and political scientists is to look toward change and the less subtle forms of social action. A mature science of the processes of political change would require a cancellation of both kinds of bias. When Fairbank draws parallels between old and new Chinese social processes, he is doing something which is good history, but not so good political analysis. In addressing Congress and interested publics in the U.S., Fairbank is being asked not for history, but for political-dynamic analysis; he is being asked for a careful estimate of China's political future, as partly determined by the policies of the United States and other nations. Fairbank understands this, and does a generally good job, but many of his readers, who have an emotional interest in believing that China will not become militarily adventurous, will seize upon any evidence that can be misread to say that China will remain cautious and cunning, as a matter of historical inertia or determinism.

Fairbank's basic advice for the U.S. is this: ". . . abandon both the fear of Chinese military menace and the hope of Chinese friendliness." But the military threat exists, and neurotically attempting to ignore it, particularly in its future nuclear and global dimensions, serves neither nation very well. Chinese leaders see both the American presence in Asia, and our existence in the same world, as provocative; of course we cannot expect "friendship" for many years. Continued cautious hate is the best we can hope for.

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JONATHAN BAUMBACH

"No one would seriously compare Hitchcock to a dozen directors and producers who have used the film medium as an art form." This dictum is from a recent, on the whole sympathetic account of the director's accomplishment by an American critic. Among us, Hitchcock has had the reputation of a master of the thriller, a sub-literary technician with a personal style, making a mass product for a mass audience. For François Truffaut, the brilliant young French director, as for most French cinephiles, Hitchcock is a "film author in the sense that the term is applied to Ingmar Bergman, Federico Fellini, Luis Bunuel, or Jean Luc Godard."

The difference in view can't be all in the translation. Truffaut's *Hitchcock*—an extended probing and admiring interview of the older director by the younger, complete with handsome and evocative illustrations—attempts to reveal the real Hitchcock (Truffaut's version) the knowing artist behind the ironic, anti-intellectual facade. Anecdotal and guarded, not a master of illusion for nothing, the Hitchcock that emerges here unmasked is Hitchcock's Hitchcock. Which leaves one, if one is to assess the achievement of the films, with the films themselves. All to the good.

Hitchcock is a curious blend of the naive and the devious. He is extraordinarily knowing in the craft of telling "a story in a cinematic way, through a succession of shots." He is rarely coy about his skill. "When we tell a story in cinema, we should resort to dialogue only when it's impossible to do otherwise." Yet almost all of Hitchcock's films are adaptations of cheap novels, word bags of spurious surprise and contrivance, what he himself calls an old-fashioned plot. Plot for Hitchcock is a conventional necessity, a boundary within which he discovers the range of his authorial freedom. To put it another way, Hitchcock (a guilty man like most of us) can only be himself in disguise. The plot is the disguise.

A Hitchcock film has the visual texture of a richly ambiguous poem. The image is almost always in counterpoint to the dialogue, telling us not to be taken in by what is being said but to use our eyes. "Dialogue should simply be a sound among other sounds, just something that comes out of the mouths of people whose eyes tell the story in visual terms." A Hitchcock film is subversive of its plot, of the conventional *personae* of its stars, of mass audience conventions which it implicitly professes to ac-

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REVIEWERS

THOMAS M. CONRAD is the author of a forthcoming book dealing with nuclear arms control, *The Analysis of Central War.*

JONATHAN BAUMBACH is the author of *A Man to Conjure With* (Random House).

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cept. As Truffaut points out, the same harrowing obsessions inform all of the films regardless of ostensible story.

I wonder if Truffaut is right, however, when he insists that Hitchcock, despite his disclaimer, is consciously aware of the seriousness of the themes that obsess his work. My sense is that on the contrary it is because he is not conscious of them that they haunt his films so profoundly. It is the obsession that impels the making of the films, that works discovery of technique, that makes an artist of an entertainer who takes satisfaction in achieving "something of a mass emotion."

Hitchcock's films, like the Jimmy Stewart hero of "Rear Window" (Hitchcock's "8½"), are voyeuristic. A recurring theme disguised in a complex variety of configurations is the transference of guilt—the secret sharing of two characters not wholly unlike the doubles in a Dostoyevsky novel. Hitchcock's central figures either violate another or are violated themselves, sometimes each in turn. As his heroes recognize themselves in the distorted images of their doubles, so we, implicated by his camera, participate as audience in the violations (both senses) of his characters.

After reading Truffaut's book, I had opportunity to see "Psycho" for the second time. As anyone who has seen the movie knows, much of its initial impact resides in the brutal surprise of the two killings. "Psycho" works on us like an evil dream not only because of the shocking character of its violence, but because it violates a number of conventional expectations we thought we had a right as moviegoers to take for granted. The central character, the star, is killed off in the first half of the movie. The killing is sexual (as are almost all the murders in recent Hitchcock films) and fulfills in an extreme and exaggerated way audience feelings toward Janet Leigh. It is as if our voyeurism kills her.

It is the disproportion between expectation and event that is so shocking —even more shocking, I suspect, than the brutality of the murder itself. If the impact of "Psycho" relied on its surprise, as it seemed to, it would be a disadvantage knowing the movement of the plot in advance. Yet, as I discovered, "Psycho" is richer on reseeing. It is an advantage to know the story, to watch the film unfold, to see how what happens happens. When the superficial surprise of the plot is removed, the deeper surprise of the film's images open up. Exactingly and lovingly detailed, "Psycho" teaches us, like the greatest art, how to see.

As a mass artist, Hitchcock has his antecedents in the Elizabethan dramatists, though in ethos he is more like the Jacobeans. The comparison is useful. Like the Elizabethan playwrights, Hitchcock creates for an audience which includes both intellectuals and nonliterates. The best of Hitchcock's American films (as opposed to the earlier overrated English ones), "Shadow of a Doubt," "I Confess," "Strangers on a Train," "Rear Window," "Vertigo," "Psycho," "North by Northwest," achieve a visual rhetoric as rich and satisfying as the language of, say, Middleton and Webster. Not all of Hitchcock's movies are masterpieces, but as Truffaut's book reminds one as it moves chronologically from film to film, there are a great number of the first order.

A further note: the photo stills and sequence shots that illustrate the text are exceptionally good even for a coffee-table film book. In fact, the illustrations demonstrate the validity of Hitchcock's art somewhat more eloquently than the text. Though the discussion between these two filmmakers is, as they say, of more than routine interest, it is only words, and film is about images. Read the illustrations as the text. The interview is like one of Hitchcock's plots, a convention, an occasion for the pictures.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 639)

Specifically, my experience is not in accord with the following statements of Peter Declan's article:

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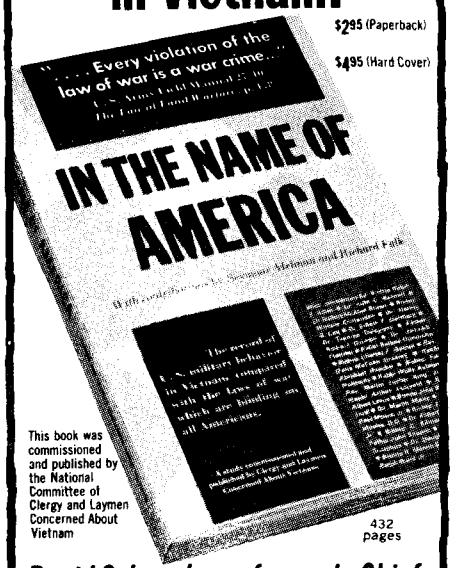
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since been granted and only under bizarre conditions" (p. 328). "In the past year, I have talked with over a hundred American priests who have married with the permission of Rome. Only one of them, mentioned earlier, was able to obtain an *ante factum* permission, and he made his petition from Canada" (p. 331). Of four petitions which I have prepared and which have been granted, three were *ante factum;* these were all American priests; two have married after the permission was granted; one has chosen not to marry for the present. In none of these cases were there conditions that could be termed "bizarre." Four other petitions are in Rome now: two of these are *ante factum*, two are *post factum,* and I expect a favorable reply for each, as I expect a favorable reply for the other petitions now being prepared, all of which are *ante factum.* Again, no conditions that can be termed "bizarre" are present. These facts also contradict Peter Declan's statement following the sentence quoted above, about the third alternative: "or, as a last resort, go through the degrading charade of breaking the law by marrying civilly and then penitently begging the Church to 'fix up' or validate the marriage *post factum.*"

2) "This questionnaire sets out two premises upon which *ante factum* permissions might be granted. If the petitioner admits to serious moral lapses in chastity (whether real or fictional seems to be unimportant), a favorable reply invariably arrives in short order. . . . The whole tenor of the questionnaire is clearly to blame the priest and thus to show that there is no reason why Rome should ever consider making celibacy optional" (p. 329). Are these statements of the author based on first-hand knowledge of the special Instruction and the attached questionnaires put out by the Holy See as an aid in preparing petitions for permission to marry? I rather doubt it, because to me it appears that the whole tone of the questionnaire is just the opposite: not to blame the priest but to show that he is not blameworthy. Besides, any experienced canonist would know that the questionnaires are aids to ascertain the facts in a given case; they are not to be slavishly followed but adapted to circumstances. Nor is it true that admission of moral lapses in chastity invariably brings a favorable reply in short order; it does not, nor is any such admission required. What is required, as far as my experience has shown, is the truth in each case. One could also ask: on what basis did the author throw in the parenthetical expression given above: "whether real or fictional seems to be unimportant"?

3) "The petition of the bishop or religious superior in the hierarchy of the Church plays an important role in the promptness of the response" (p. 329). This sentence, with the rest of the paragraph, is contrary to my experience. With all due respect to him, I rather doubt if Rome considers my religious superior higher in rank than a bishop from a minor diocese. The petitions that have been answered averaged about three months in Rome; perhaps this is too long, but everyone knows that these petitions have increased tremendously in these last years and perhaps we should be ready to give Rome a little time to catch up.

4) "One theologian, well versed in these matters, claims that when petitions dealing with celibacy are submitted to Rome in any language except Latin or Italian they almost invariably come back denied" (p. 329). And the paragraph goes on to give other helpful (?) suggestions of this theologian, closing with the remark that "A check for 30 American dollars, made out to the proper individual in Rome, also proves helpful" (p. 330). How any theologian with even the slightest experience in these matters could make some of the absurd statements of this paragraph, statements that are not only absurd but completely false, is beyond my comprehension—but the author calls the theologian "well versed in these matters"! Let my experience refute the more important statements one by one:

a) All of the petitions which I have prepared have been submitted in English, not in Latin or in Italian.

b) All of the petitions have followed the standard American etiquette in writing to another, not the medieval form.

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I have yet to see a medieval form where the formal address is put in the lower *righthand* corner (as the theologian claims), but, of course, I cannot claim to be well versed in these matters.

c) There is no need to send "the petition in duplicate, one to the Holy Father and the other to the Secretary of State." Again, how versed is this anonymous theologian who apparently is unaware that the petitions for dispensations from celibacy are sent to the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith? It is not required that the petition be sent in duplicate; in all my cases only one copy was sent, and that, I repeat, in English.

d) Perhaps money "talks," but not one cent has been sent to Rome either before or after the petitions I have prepared were granted.

5) In the very next paragraph the author writes: "He (a priest) was told (by Chancery officials) that Rome pays no attention to any petition regarding clerical celibacy unless it is *handwritten in English*" (italics in the original, p. 330). Apparently when one wishes to believe the absurd it is not difficult to do so. It is incomprehensible how any chancery official could make this statement. I think Rome *might* accept a handwritten petition, but to say that a *handwritten* petition is required by Rome is false.

6) This section of the article (p. 330) concludes: "It is small wonder, then, that priests, chancery officials and bishops find it difficult, if not impossible, to wend their way through this maze." The special Instruction put out by the Holy See and sent to all local Ordinaries appears to me to be fairly simple: if this were followed instead of unofficial and often false reports, the maze would disappear.

7) "The only testimony acceptable from a psychiatrist in recent months is to document the 'overt homosexuality' of the petitioner. . . . Surely it is rank dishonesty for a priest to allege that he does not want to be a priest or that he is an overt homosexual if these allegations are not true. It is doubly dishonest for authorities to expect such reasons to be alleged if they are not verified, and to require such allegations as the only basis for granting *ante factum* permissions" (p. 330). To go one step further: it is triply dishonest for someone to make the first and last statement just quoted without having incontrovertible evidence that they are true. My experience proves that the statements are not true—not once in the petitions I have prepared has the word "homosexual" occurred, nor was it even hinted at in the discussion I had with the two men at the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. To repeat once more: they were interested in the *facts* of a case, and, as far as I could gather, only in the facts. In the cases which I have prepared, the truth, the facts, was presented and, as indicated above, three out of four permissions granted were *ante factum* permissions.

8) "It [Rome] is most reluctant and even adamant in refusing a dispensation to a diocesan priest bound only by a promise to observe a law of the Latin rite" (p. 330). I would only ask two questions concerning this statement: a) Is the granting of a dispensation to 3,600 priests in three years (the figures are those given by the author in the second last paragraph of the article) really being adamant? If so, I need a new dictionary. b) Are the majority of theologians in agreement that this is

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only a "promise to observe a law?"

9) The author's comparison (p. 330) of "the compassion which the Church shows for abortionists . . . bigamists. . ." and the harshness toward a priest in an unauthorized marriage is wholly misleading. For he says that the former "can be absolved under canon 2254 as *casus urgentior,*" while the latter cannot. The author ought to remember this much canon law at least, namely, that the bigamist who refuses to give up the second "wife" cannot be absolved under canon 2254; nor can the priest who refuses to give up his unauthorized "wife;" a bigamist who does give up the second "wife" can be absolved under canon 2254; so can the priest who gives up his unauthorized "wife." There is, therefore, no difference in the compassion shown by the Church in this canon to the bigamist or to the priest, and the same holds for all the other categories of poor sinners mentioned in the article.

One cannot be unaware that he is quite out of step if he fails to criticize the Curia, bishops and superiors, and one cannot object to honest and constructive criticism. Some of the "facts" mentioned in the concluding paragraphs of the article are surely worthy of censure, if they are facts. My problem is, in view of the experience I have briefly outlined above, to accept these "facts" as facts. And my question is: has the writing and the publication of "Trial by Laicization" really contributed to the holiness of the Church?

JOHN EIDENSCHINK, O.S.B.

Reply

New York, N.Y.

I am delighted to learn of Father Eidenschink's success in obtaining both *ante* and *post facta* permissions without undo red tape. My own personal experience was similarly fortunate. Nevertheless, I am sure both he and many *Commonweal* readers know of other cases where priests are meeting insurmountable obstacles. What advice and practical aid can we give a priest when his own bishop absolutely refuses to do anything to obtain either *ante* or *post factum* permission for him to marry in church?

The whole point of my article was to illustrate the radical differences in procedures that exist in dioceses around the country. I do not quarrel with Father Eidenschink's facts, but I repeat that every detail in my article can be documented from the personal experience of American priests.

In this context, I repeat my original suggestion that the American bishops eliminate the confusion and inequities that exist in individual dioceses by setting up a national commission composed of understanding priests, canon lawyers and counselors of which there are a number, like Father Eidenschink, who feel that this matter can and must be handled with dignity, humaneness and Christlike charity.

PETER DECLAN

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BERNHARD E. OLSON, Supervisor
Paula K. Lazrus Library
of Intergroup Relations

This selection from the complete list
is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

All of Which I Saw, Part of Which I Was: The Autobiography of George K. Hunton as told to Gary MacEoin. Doubleday. $4.95.

Co-founder with Fr. John La Farge in the 1930's of the Catholic Interracial Council, Hunton candidly describes his struggle to awaken both clergy and laymen to the evils of racial injustice.

The Best Short Stories By Negro Writers, by Langston Hughes. Little, Brown. $7.95.

The late Langston Hughes has collected examples of the best short stories by Negro writers from 1899 to the present, including the first important literary figure, Charles W. Chesnutt. Represented are such current writers as Willard Motley, James Baldwin, and Ralph Ellison, and works by many lesser-known but highly talented authors. The book is prefaced by an introduction which answers most tellingly the question, "Why aren't there more Negro writers?"

Black Power and Urban Unrest, by Nathan Wright, Jr. Hawthorn. $2.25. Also available in paperback, $1.95.

Written by the Executive Director of the Department of Urban Work of the Episcopal Diocese of Newark, N. J., this book represents the logic behind the statement of the National Committee of Negro Churchmen on Black Power. Dr. Wright makes clear why the Civil Rights movement must be controlled by Negroes, and why present programs have been woefully inadequate to provide genuine hope for the Negro poor.

The Buffalo Soldiers: A Narrative of the Negro Cavalry in the West, by William H. Leckie. University of Oklahoma. $5.95.

Likened by their Indian adversaries to an animal revered, these heroic black troopers patrolled from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border, from St. Louis to the Rockies. A scholarly but crackling reconstruction of a neglected saga of western Americana.

Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear, by Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $8.50.

A brilliant and compassionate study of Southern children under the pressures of the movement toward desegregation, by a child psychiatrist whose commitment and powers of observation come through on every page. This book has much to teach all Americans about the courage of children and how changes in interracial attitudes come about.

The Children of the South, by Margaret Anderson. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $4.95.

A deeply moving account of how school integration came to a small East Tennessee town and how the changes brought about by black and white children mingling together in an education process have affected all of them. Much of the book is told in the words of the children themselves, adding depth and force to the subject's social importance.

The Church and the Jewish People, by Augustin Cardinal Bea. Harper & Row. $4.50.

The architect of the statement on the Jews passed by Vatican II provides a running commentary on the document. This work, both historical and exegetical, is prefaced by a brief inside history of the schema.

Dissenter in a Great Society: A Christian View of America in Crisis, by William Stringfellow. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Problems of poverty, politics, and race are brilliantly examined by a radically committed Christian.

Division Street, America, by Studs Terkel. Pantheon Books, Random House. $5.95.

The people of Chicago talk about themselves, their discontents, their pleasures, fears and hopes. These interviews do more than just interpret "urban man"; they help the reader to understand his own neighbor.

Down These Mean Streets, by Piri Thomas. Knopf. $5.95.

This montage of drugs, violence, the street code, and the sights and sounds of the Harlem "Barrio" powerfully evokes the bitter experience that is color in white America.

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ADULT LIST

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Five Smooth Stones, by Ann Fairbairn. Crown. $6.95.

A gripping novel about a young Negro of great potential who gives his life to and for the cause of civil rights. The book covers a wide canvas of places and people, Negro and white, and, in microcosm, highlights the good and the bad in Negro-white relations.

From Plantation to Ghetto: An Interpretive History of American Negroes, by August Meier and Elliott M. Rudwick. Hill & Wang. $5.75.

A sociologist and historian collaborate to write an up-to-date history of the Negro in America. Compact and judicious, the book not only emphasizes the decisive influence of "plantation" and "ghetto," but summarizes the influence of the West African heritage, the Abolition movement, the broken promises of the Reconstruction, and the variety of ideologies and protest movements of this century.

The Ground Is Our Table, by Steve Allen. Doubleday. $3.95.

Unorganized, exploited, poverty-stricken, American farm laborers remain forgotten people. The well-known entertainer exposes their shocking plight in order to arouse the nation's concern.

Implementing Vatican II in Your Community: Dialogue and Action Manual Based on the Sixteen Documents of the Second Vatican Council, by Stanley I. Stuber and Claud D. Nelson. Association Press. 75¢.

Among the countless works dealing with the Vatican Council, this unique handbook is the only "dialogue and action manual" which has as its primary purpose the interpretation of the Council's actions for interfaith activities at the grass roots level.

Movin' On Up, by Mahalia Jackson with Evan McLeod Wylie. Hawthorn. $5.95.

The life of the famed gospel singer, from her childhood in New Orleans to later international fame. Mahalia Jackson's memory through her "Uncle Porter" reaches back to slave days, and the meaning of that legacy is revealed in very personal terms. Miss Jackson also tells of her tragedies and triumphs, culminating in the "March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom."

Negro Medal of Honor Men, by Irwin H. Lee. Dodd, Mead. $4.00.

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Our Children Are Dying, by Nat Hentoff. Viking Compass Book. Cloth $4.50, Paper $1.35.

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Religion and Society: The Ecumenical Impact, by Claud D. Nelson. Sheed and Ward. $4.50.

Objectively and in the spirit of ecumenical dialogue, the author analyzes with extraordinary perceptivity the crucial issues which religiously committed persons face in a free, pluralistic society. These themes include religious liberty, religion and secular education, racism, anti-Semitism, and world peace.

Ten Vietnamese, by Susan Sheehan. Knopf. $4.95.

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Vietnam: Lotus in a Sea of Fire, by Thich Nhat Hanh. Hill & Wang. $3.50.

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ADULT LIST (Continued)

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Where Do We Go from Here: Chaos or Community? by Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Displacing the concept of violent "Black Power," Dr. King charts a course of thought and action that pleads eloquently for collaboration between Negroes and white.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Canalboat to Freedom, by Thomas Fall. Dial. $3.50.

A bound servant working as hoggee boy, driving the mules along on the "Delaware Ditch," escapes at the cost of the life of his friend, a Negro freedman. (9-12)

Champions of the Four Freedoms, by Edith Patterson Meyer. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Brief biographies of men and organizations who have been leaders in the struggle for freedom. Included are Peter Zenger, Jacob Riis, the Peace Corps, and the National Conference of Christians and Jews. (12-16)

Darkness Over the Land, by Martha Bennett Stiles. Dial. $3.95.

Young Mark Elend, inspired by his patriotic teacher, is bewildered by his parents' lack of enthusiasm for "the Leader." Chilling reality awakens him to the horrors and daily compromises faced by his parents and their Jewish friends. A mature story set in Nazi Germany. (12 and up)

Dream of The Blue Heron, by Victor Barnouw. Delacorte. $4.50.

This story of a young Chippewa Indian boy growing up in northern Wisconsin in the early 1900's reflects the conflicts experienced by Indians in adjusting to the white man's world. (12-16)

The Egypt Game, by Zilpha Keatley Snyder. Atheneum. $3.95.

A cracked, chipped plaster cast of Nefertiti in an antique store's unused backyard becomes the center of an absorbing game based on ancient Egypt, and of firm friendships among several Negro and white boys and girls. An enchanting telling, but with a warning note of modern danger within it. (10-12)

Four Took Freedom, by Philip Sterling and Rayford Logan. Doubleday. $2.95.

The biographies of four Negroes who escaped from slavery and lived to serve their country pre-eminently: Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass, Blanche K. Bruce, and Robert Smalls. (9-13)

Hanukkah, by Norma Simon. Crowell. $2.95.

The story of the Maccabees, and their fight for religious freedom, with explanations of the customs and ceremonies by which it is celebrated in Jewish homes today. Beautiful illustrations. (7-10)

Harlem Summer, by Mary Elizabeth Vroman. Putnam. $3.49.

A gifted Negro author writes about the experiences of 16-year-old John who comes from Alabama to spend the summer in Harlem. This is a frank sometimes stark novel about teen-age life in a ghetto. (12 and up)

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WHAT IS THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS?

NCCJ is a civic organization engaged in a nation-wide program of intergroup education. It enlists Protestants, Catholics and Jews who without compromise of conscience or of their distinctive and important religious differences work together to build better relationships among men of all religions, races and nationalities. Its operation is civic and social although, obviously, the roots of the brotherhood which it seeks to build are in the moral law and in religious faith.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

Human Rights Day, by Eileen Fisher and Olive Rabe. Crowell. $2.95.

Celebrated annually since December 10, 1948, this holiday reminds us that the adoption by the United Nations of the Declaration of Human Rights was the culmination of centuries of struggles by dedicated human beings. (7-10)

In Their Own Words: A History of the American Negro 1916-1966, edited by Melton Meltzer. Crowell. $4.95.

This third and final volume of Mr. Meltzer's chronicle on the history of the American Negro records in the Negro's own words the struggles he has endured in his quest for freedom and recognition. (12-16)

Jennifer, Hecate, Macbeth, William McKinley, and Me, Elizabeth, by E. L. Konigsburg. Atheneum. $3.50.

Jennifer says she's a witch, and enthralled Elizabeth is her witch-in-training, following odd instructions, drawn mainly from fascinating Jennifer's wide reading. That Jennifer is Negro and Elizabeth white, never enters the case at all. (9-11)

Kimo and Madame Pele: The Story of A Volcanic Eruption, by Virginia Nielson. David McKay. $3.50.

Colorful characterization highlights this suspenseful account of Kilauea's eruption. By manifesting gentle respect for the natives' religious beliefs, responsible officials manage to evacuate all. (9-11)

Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, by Frederick Douglass. Adapted by Barbara Ritchie. Crowell. $3.95.

A skillful abridgement of the 1892 version of his autobiography which calls attention to a great Negro who gave all his life to the cause of freedom. (12 and up)

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $2.90.

A half-American boy in Korea cares for three younger half-American orphans abandoned in the streets, and eventually finds a way for them to share his new life in America. (8-11)

The Noble Saboteurs: The Resistance Against Hitler's Forces, by Ronald Seth. Hawthorn. $3.95.

The magnificent tale of human valor in heroic defense of each homeland overrun by Hitler's hordes, and in the many kinds of resistance used to fight back and destroy them. Told with the stark clarity of absolute truth. (12-16)

One Summer in Between, by Melissa Mather. Harper & Row. $4.95.

A young, sensitive Negro girl, going from the deep South to work as a mother's helper in a Vermont farm family records in her journal her gradual growth from bitter resentment of "whites" to mutual respect and acceptance. (young adult)

Our Country's Freedom, by Frances Cavanah. Rand McNally. $3.50.

Important events in American history that created the basic freedoms for which some minorities are yet fighting and described vividly and compactly. (10-13)

The Peace Corps: Ambassadors of Goodwill, by Henry B. Lent. Westminster. $3.75.

An up-to-date survey of the Peace Corps with emphasis on the participants' ingenuity and capacity for hard work. Illustrated with photographs. (12 and up)

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

Round About the City: Stories You Can Read to Yourself, selected by the Child Study Association of America. Crowell. $2.95.

Easy-to-read stories, presenting with humor and lively interest the adventures of children in a variety of urban settings and diverse ethnic groups. (7-8)

The Shy One, by Dorothy Nathan. Random House. $3.50.

This sensitive little girl dreads performing in public, or even talking with adults, until an old man helps her to face up to her fears. Dorothy belongs to the only Jewish family in a friendly Oregon town in 1921. (8-10)

Star of Danger, by Jane Whitbread Levin. Harcourt, Brace and World. $3.25.

The Danish Underground helps two German-Jewish boys escape from Nazi-occupied Denmark to neutral Sweden, in a tale full of suspense, anxiety, and superb courage against incredible odds. (11-14)

The Street of the Flower Boxes, by Peggy Mann. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

Newcomers to the multi-racial slum neighborhood hire Carlos to tend their plants. Thus it is that a former trouble-maker spearheads a plan that has far-reaching effects on his own self-esteem and the pleasure of the beauty-starved families. (8-10)

They Came from Italy, by Barbara Marinacci. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Biographical sketches of outstanding Italian-Americans which point out the contributions they have made to American life and culture. (11-14)

Trust a City Kid, by Anne Huston and Jane Yolen. Lothrop. $3.75.

Reg is sent from his Harlem home to spend the summer with a Quaker family on a farm in Pennsylvania. After many misunderstandings with the family, especially with the son, Frank, Reg learns that more can be accomplished through love than with fists. (9-13)

The Valentine Box, by Maud Hart Lovelace. Crowell. $3.50.

A shy little Negro girl in a new school gets a valentine after all and a "best friend." (7-9)

Walk in My Moccasins, by Mary Phraner Warren. Westminster. $3.50.

In a richly developed home and community story, a young Sioux Indian girl, adopted by white parents, finds her own way to understanding and rewarding friendships. (10-12)

Yeshu, Called Jesus, by Claire Huchet Bishop. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $3.50.

A reverent, well-researched and inspiring narrative of the childhood of Jesus, showing him as a member of a Jewish family in which he learned Torah, and observed the holidays and everyday customs of the people of Israel. (9-13)

You Have a Friend, Pietro, by J. C. Grund. Little, Brown. $3.75.

A mysterious old stonecutter, known only as Emilio, returns to Corsica to break down the vendetta which destroyed his family. Shows clearly the power of understanding over fear and superstition. (9-12)

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Election Year Special:

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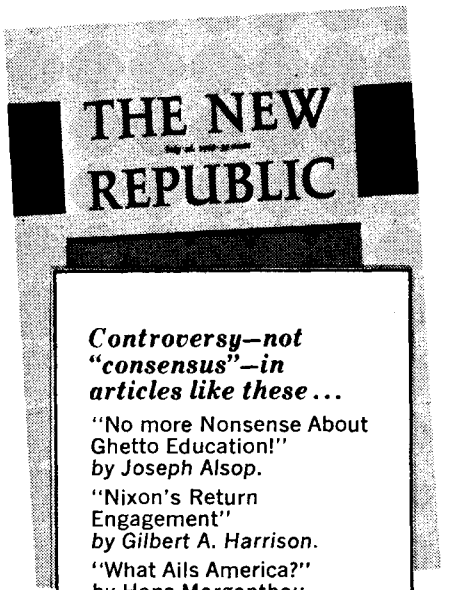

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by Joseph Alsop.

"Nixon's Return Engagement"
by Gilbert A. Harrison.

"What Ails America?"
by Hans Morgenthau.

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by The Editors.

"Walt Whitman Rostow"
by Alex Campbell.

"Limits of the New Left"
by Christopher Jencks.

"Freak-Out in Chicago"
by James Ridgeway.

"Who's to be Born?"
by Robert Coles.

"Harlow in Hell"
by Richard Gilman.

"Pooh as GOP Candidate"
by Henry Fairlie.

"Scar-Spangled Banner"
by Stanley Kauffmann.

Continuing Coverage of the Drug Scene
by David Sanford.

"Albee at the Crossroads"
by Robert Brustein

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- Robert Brustein on drama
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Newsweek said it, describing *New Republic* readers. Describing *The New Republic* itself, *Esquire* said, "it can still be counted on for meaningful outrage." *The New Republic* gets talked about, even by other magazines.

We'll probably stir up more talk this election year. Seldom have we had so much to be outraged about.

New Republic readers know that from now through November they'll get fiercely independent, often angry, opinion on LBJ, Nixon, Bobby, Rocky, Barry, Ronnie, Romney, and company—opinion they can get nowhere else. And they'll get behind-the-scenes reporting of facts they can get nowhere else, too. (*Esquire* went on to say about us, "Their sources are excellent, credibility high.")

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Our hope is that you'll get mad *with* us. But if you get mad *at* us, judging from what *Newsweek* said about our subscription list, you'll be in good company. Either way, there never was a better time to start getting mad at *somebody*—about something important.

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